WIND

TOSSED LEAVES

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Wind Tossed Leaves

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BY

CHARLES CURLE.

("BAREFOOT SHENSTONE," &c., &c.)

Fallen in many a bygone year!
Bright and sad, and green, and sere;
As songs without a date appear:
In careless order gathered here.

E pluribus pauca.

———o———

London:

E. W. ALLEN, Ave Maria Lane, and Stationer's Hall Court.
H. & C. TREACHER, 1, North Street, and 44, and 45, East Street, Brighton
THOMAS KERSLAKE & Co., Bristol.
Offices of the "CHINA MAIL," Hong Kong.

1875.

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TO

THOSE WHO HAVE HONORED ME

WITH

THEIR AFFECTIONATE REGARD,

These Leaves are Dedicated,

IN

GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE.

PREFACE.

In the name of the prophet figs!

The illustrious writer, whose frequent ponderosity of style one of the authors of the Rejected Addresses*‖ saucily parodied,—partly in the words above quoted—illustrated his idea of truthfulness by the example of a man passing by an orchard, and telling his friends no fruit was to be found there; whereupon some meddlesome fellow within hearing gets through the hedge; and after poking about for some time discovers two apples and a pear. This paltry circumstance, the learned Doctor declared, could not fairly be used as an argument to prove the first speaker unworthy of belief. Adopting this construction of fact in its liberal meaning, the few sheets following may be said to consist of reprints, from a variety of subjects, issued at different times; chiefly through the journalistic press, and partly for the following reason. Being averse to letter writing, especially when having very little or nothing to say, the author prefers forwarding, instead of an epistolary communication, a newspaper from time to time to his friends distant in the United Kingdom or abroad; and which, as containing some contribution of his own, they are kindly willing to accept in a spirit kindred to that with which it is sent. Thus each single article, review, paragraph, or portion of verses answers the purpose of saving him the time which writing a number of letters

‖ This and following asterisks in the preface refer to Notes commencing at p. 106.

would occupy, and relieves his friends also from the irksome task of keeping up a continued correspondence, when personal interest in local affairs has become no longer mutual. Possibly, were it not for this use of them, he might consider the faculty of writing verses as an affliction; a sort of malady, whose occasional visitation cannot be avoided; and which, like gout or a fit of rheumatism, will have its course. Nay, more, as those who suffer from frequent little ailments are well acquainted with premonitory symptons, and having sat in the draught of a certain window, or within the influence of a frequently opening door, feel perfectly convinced the accident is bringing on its consequent neuralgia; so an agreeable meeting, a pleasant excursion, a woodland ramble, a healthy sojourn at—

> A Duke's domain where the woodlands deep
> And curving downs to the sea are bending,

a glowing sunset, or the fond pressure of—

> A timid neat gloved warm little hand, &c. &c

will produce in the mind of the rhymer, a full consciousness of the approaching inevitable result; to which after some resistance more or less uselessly prolonged, he eventually succumbs. Generally however this effect supervenes almost immediately on the first causation, especially if it be at all severe. In extenuation of a susceptibility to this kind of cacoethes scribendi he is inclined to attribute the blame to those who in his youthful days set him tasks of writing Latin hexameters and pentameters. It was the custom in his schooldays, for boys to commence with what were called Latin nonsense verses, after which others were required, on given themes, in the usual form of correct elegiac verse. The effect following such training, in the writer's case, was that during part of the season of youth in which the Byronic fever prevailed he produced a carefully written and handsomely bound MS volume entitled "Schoolboy Rhymes," with an introduction by Launcelot Gobbo; and ending with a quotation from the Greek text of St. Paul's 1st epistle to the Corinthians intimating thereby that, he had at that period put away childish things; a conclusion about which he is not now quite so certain.

A second MS, which matches this in size and binding, is of a more pretentious character. The first of these

volumes the writer takes to represent the quality of the Latin nonsense verses of a still earlier date. The contents of the second, belong to a class which may be compared with the second period of Latin versification; and in regard to such as may be found not altogether unworthy of perusal by indulgent readers, he must perforce be content with a verdict similar to that so thankfully accepted by Claud Halcro; or claim the privilege of thinking with Wordsworth

> "Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop
> Than when we soar."

The whole number of the various publications to which contributions have been occasionally made, is fully a quarter of a hundred, and at a moderate calculation the united circulation cannot have been less than 750,000. Allowing only a little over an average of two readers to each copy, it would follow that more than two millions of the British Public must have had some portions of what he has written presented to their notice, and yet, dear friend and gentle reader, in all probability you have never seen his name in print before, not only because the amount of two millions is but as a grain of sand in a vast plain, but also because he has almost invariably preferred writing anonymously, or adopting different signatures, from time to time. Of these signatures Barfoot Shenstone which first appeared in the window of the SUNDAY TIMES office during the year 1858, appended to "How kissing first came up," and other short pieces, and was also placed on the title page of several songs, including "Footprints in the snow," published by Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co., and the "Song and March of the South Middlesex,"—has had a circulation of 290,000. During the three decades elapsed since the publication of his first pamphlet, the name of the author has scarcely ever been associated with anything he has written. At most up to the present year he can only remember a very few trifling occasions, one to a note in the catalogue of an architectural exhibition in Pall Mall, where he exhibited a design to illustrate the arrangement of the brazen musical vases in ancient theatrical buildings, as alluded to by Vitruvius, and which having Latin explanations, was not likely to be popularly attractive; a second in connection with a

paper accompanying an illustration in the Journal of the British Archæological Association for the year 1859, and which his esteemed friend the late T. W. Pettigrew cut down remorselessly with his editorial pruning knife; a third appended to a short paragraph in LAND AND WATER in reference to a Provincial term of reproach seemingly derivable from the worship of the Pelasgian Cabiri; a fourth on the title page of Galatea, a Madrigal written in conjunction with the composer for a public prize, which it did not obtain*, but was afterwards published by Mr. Mallet, of Wardour-street, and first sung publicly at Mr. Lawler's fifth annual concert, held in Willis's Rooms during the season of 1866. The fifth and the only other instance he at this moment can call to mind is on the title page of a new National Anthem for England, now at the end of its second edition, published by Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co., in 1858, and which obtained favourable notice in several London as well as provincial journals. THE SUNDAY TIMES said it was "pleasing and elegant." THE UNITED SERVICE GAZETTE called it "a spirited composition." THE REVIEW said its "conclusion was in a bold and spirit stiring vein, not unworthy the battle song of a British army." THE NEWS OF THE WORLD described it as "written with loyal and pious feeling." THE OXFORD CHRONICLE found therein "patriotism, devotion, and loyalty well combined." THE NORTHAMPTON HERALD thought it "of more than average merit." And THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE pronounced it "the best thing of the kind which had been placed before the public"; but the WEEKLY NEWS justly foretold that, *though the design was appropriate, custom would not easily be set aside.**

Combined with other reasons for not putting his own name forward was the unwillingness to do away with a source of amusement derivable from contributing to publications which found a place on the tables of friends in distant localities. It was occasionally so very amusing to hear a song sung, or something read aloud and criticised by those who little thought the author of it was listening to their genuine unsophisticated expressions of opinion. A variety of subjects in various forms, diversified by different signatures applying to both genders, Hattie was rather a favourite* and, helped in this way to the great mystification of numerous acquaint-

ances, and a proportionate undercurrent of quiet amusement to himself: while to see, in public print, the *kudos* given to another person was at times exceedingly entertaining. One of the best examples of this kind was in connection with an elegant volume, published by Bailliére, of Regent-street, London, and Broadway, New York, and written by a friend of Lord Lytton. It was on an occult science* towards which Lord Lytton was known to be much disposed, although he objected to accept the dedication for certain satisfactory reasons assigned. The author of the book, who had been adjutant in a crack regiment of dragoons for five years, chose the nom-de-plume of "A Cavalry Officer," and knowing that the present writer had been helping others, asked him to assist in introducing the work to the public. After some consideration, he agreed to write a prefatory address, with the understanding that not a word of his should be altered. The condition was accepted and fulfilled, and when the book came out, among other complimentary notices in the papers, THE SUNDAY TIMES, taking up a certain point, said —"But upon this part of his argument it is but fair that we should let the Cavalry Officer speak for himself," and then quoted two entire pages from the prefatory address, of which the author of the book had not written a single word. On another occasion the writer had sent three articles to a local paper, and, some time afterwards, while walking with A and B, A, addressing B, said—"Come, B, you may as well confess yourself the writer of those articles. I know it was either you or C, but our fellows all say it was you." After a short interval of silence, B, jauntily observed that, if all the fellows had made up their minds, he supposed it was useless for him to continue denying the authorship. It would have been a pity to spoil such a joke; and so B marched off with colours flying.

With the exception of a song called "Buds of late summer days,"* written to music at the request of Madame Valkenaere Albertazzi, and published by Messrs. Oliver and Co., of Bond-street†; together with the 11th ode of Anacreon, translated for a madrigal which has been set to music but remains still unpublished; Galatea, previously mentioned; and the patriotic song, "Army

†January 18, 1857.

Navy and Volunteers,"* the last two only here reprinted —all that the writer has produced in the way of verse, has been given on the impetus of the occasion, and may therefore be considered as of spontaneous growth.

To some who may be turning over these pages it will perhaps occasion surprise to identify the writer of certain very light pieces with the serious minded author of "Observations on intellectual culture and modes of acquiring knowledge," accompanied by a list of correlative MSS, such as those on the Greek Prepositions and Enclitics; with a complete rudimentary Greek grammar. A precis of Latin Prosody. Rules for the French genders, and other facile memorials relative to speaking and writing that language. Order of learning the Italian verbs. 3,600 years of Chronology. A tabulated history of England. The framework of the histories of Greece and Rome. The early dynasties of France. Memorials for Historical Data. Popular Readings of Geography. Formula of Pianoforte fingering. The seven positions on the violin simplified for students of Campagnoli; and a variety of other subjects which it would be tedious to mention in this place.

This apparent inconsistency may be accounted for by the fact of his having, during a greater part of his life, been forced to adopt the rôle of an idle man, partly through uncertain health, and in a great measure from incapacity for any prolonged exertion; and not being over much enslaved by the exigencies of fashionable society, he has found time to occupy himself in a multiform variety of ways. There are many idle men, so called, who generally find plenty of occupation for themselves when out of sight of their acquaintances. This may be taken as an axiom. Then the necessity for change has its claim. Absence of occupation we know is not always rest, and as the writer has never indulged much in Chess or Billiards, and but very little in Archery, Dominoes, Back-gammon, Drafts, Cards or SKITTLES he may, perhaps be permitted the excuse of choosing to occupy a portion of the time often so filled up by others, in a way more congenial with his own inclinations. Human nature not only demands rest but insists also upon occasional recreation. There will be seasons with all of us when we are disposed to say

"Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus,"

WIND TOSSED LEAVES has been chosen as an appropriate title for the little swirl, which has been here swept up and collected from among the scattered contents of an old oak paneled worm eaten chest, into which many bundles had been cast one by one, from time to time, as they appeared in their original places. Wind tossed indeed have many been; blown to the East Indies and the West. All over England and far into North Britain. From London, Dover, Brighton, Portsmouth, Southampton, Bristol, Doncaster in particular, and other places, they have drifted about in all directions. Some among them have found their way to Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, others have reached Japan and been read in Singapore, and reprinted at Hong-Kong; and some were set up ten years since at Shanghae by ingenious Chinese compositors ignorant of all English written or verbal, except their own peculiar pigeon jargon. At this very time leaves of other kinds are fluttering on their way to China, and to Kingston on the coast, and to the quarters of Her Majesty's Forces, four thousand feet above the sea, just half way up the mountain heights of the island of Jamaica.

The little urnful here reproduced, and under his own name reclaimed, is intended chiefly for presentation, in token of friendship and esteem; and also as a not ungraceful acknowledgement on the author's part to those many kind friends, and acquaintances, whose liberal and lavish hospitality he has so frequently enjoyed and so fully appreciated; but which distant residence, uncertain health, and other circumstances have too frequently prevented his reciprocating. Nevertheless, sometimes while sipping his modest glass of Hock, which is not Steinberg Cabinet; or enjoying the flower perfume of a Sauterne which is not Yquem, and contrasting its deep straw color with the richer golden fulgence of a certain wondrous old Madeira, herein duly honored; or when, under the "silver lamp light," he compares the sunset tint of a Pommade with the recollection of a deeper glow in the "Thirty Fours" and "Forty Sevens" on the tables of more fortunate friends, he calls to mind the words of the Augustan Poet in the "Vile potabis modicis Sabinum" invitation to Mecænas, and happily applies them.

"Cæcubum, et prælo domitam Caleno
Tu bibes uvam. Mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites, neque Formiani.
Pocula Colles."

L'un gagne l'autre perd. After all, the compensation balance in this world will invariably be found somehow exquisitely adjusted; and, what cannot always be returned equivalent in kind, we may often more than repay by other means in loyalty and loving kindness.

Those, who only know what it is even to attempt the art of painting landscapes after nature, not only obtain a quicker eye for color, but acquire a keener admiration of the atmospherical influences acting upon the varicolored and ever changing beauties of earth and sky and sea. They soon learn to discover new sources of infinite worship, in the cloud thrown shadows on the wine-dark billows of the ocean, as Homer saw them, and in the ineffable blue emerald hues of its lucid depths; in the delicate pale green of early autumnal evening skies, or in the deep earthward purple shadowings of the westering sun, and myriad lesser shades of every tone and tinct. So he who has only tried his own feeble wing in a few flutterings in the different ranges of composition will have obtained a more perfect taste for all kinds of genuine poetry, whether serious, dramatic, erotic, witty, or humorous; and will necessarily have cultivated, in such essayings, not only a higher power of appreciating, but a larger capability for thoroughly enjoying the more perfect and loftier productions of superior and inspired minds.

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum."

Nor, on the other hand, does it befall every versifier to see his lines carved in the precious metals or occupying honored places in stone; or amid the lyrics of the day to own even one marked as a favorite by popular approval. The writer may also remember with satisfaction having been a contributor to the old series of "Colburn's New Monthly Magazine," a periodical now in the second half century of its existence, and with which have been associated some of the most illustrious names in contemporaneous English literature.

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WIND TOSSED LEAVES.

FOURSCORE AND ONE.

Mysteriously are scattered here about,
By simple rule though easy to find out;
Delusive words at times! a common phrase!
And oft repeated in life's early days:
And even now 'tis pleasant in this way
To give as t'were by stealth th' expression play.
For what I say thus do not think me rude—
Upon my word "I hope I don't intrude!"
Carefully now delve in wit's capacious mines,
And so make out four words, produced by just eleven signs,
The message undiscovered else still lurks within these lines.

MAIDEN AT THE LODGE.

No one ever yet saw speck upon her,
Or a stain
On her morning robe of common cotton,
Or the après midi
Mousseline de laine.
Charming is she in her neat attire,
In the morning, daily,
Down the long arch of the elm tree avenue
Tripping gaily.

Humble daughter of a toil bent sire,
Fair haired rustic beauty,
To no higher claim doth she aspire
Than pure filial duty;
Her little stream of life still ebbing, flowing,
Calm and clear,
Through the fever'd heat of summer's glowing,
Or when Autumn sere
Sprinkles on her path his leafy showers
Rustling round her feet;
Or when wintry winds pass shrilly by her
With their pelting sleet.
As a bird of soft unruffled plumage
Passes through the rain,
So she goes upon her little missions
And returns again;
Scarcely damped although the flying showers
Drench the grassy plain.

We shall miss thee, soon thou wilt pass by us
No more to return:
Ere the bearded barley crop is garnered
Hymen's torch will burn,
Lighting up a humble latticed chamber
Where a manly heart

Waits to clasp thee to its tender throbbings—
Never more to part.

Sadly will the old dame miss her daughter dear,
With her busy needle and her plain work,
Seated near ;
When the aged mother drinks the soft air
In her gothic chair.

In the shadow of the tall acacia's
Drooping flowers ;
When the sultry heat becomes oppressive,
And the fainting hours
Weary grow beneath the trellis frame work
Honeysuckle bound,
Where the sweet-pea's white and pale pink blossoms
Twine around ;
Where the pointed purple-dropping fuscias
Overhead are hung,
Where the creepers into mimic archways
Thy white hands have strung.

She will miss thy helping arm, around her
Fondly placed,
Guiding step by step her tottering footfalls
So slow paced ;
Resting oft, upheld by that dear arm bent
Round her waist.

With the summer petals thou wilt leave us,
When the wheaten grain
In its ripeness bends to meet the sickle,
Shedding golden rain :
From earth's arid bosom torn, to fertilize
On some distant plain ;
So thou goest from us with God's blessing
For thy bridal train.

BREATHINGS OF THE INVISIBLE.

Wrestling with a spirit yet unbroken,
  Struggling in the net of earthly ties;
Thoughts but to the passing wind outspoken
  As in lonely wanderings they arise,
    Here may find a place
    As their moods I trace,
Stretched beneath the gloom of cloudy skies.

Mock not though the rhymer fondly museth
  Wandering to the invisible around,
While incorporal agency diffuseth
  Through our being, feeling, thought, and sound:
    Mind and matter blent
    In entanglement
Mystic as the life by which they're bound.

In his toil the weary student bending,
  Cometh one who hath his earnest vow;
All unseen her influence is blending
  With the stillness clustered round his brow;
    Till the voiceless air
    Tells him she is there,
And in blissful charm his senses bow.

Ere the distant portal bell hath sounded;
  As the master's presence draweth near,
From the ember'd hearth the dog hath bounded,
  Startling those around with sudden fear:
    Fondly, faithful hound!
    Doth thy love profound
Mark his coming!—soon he will be here.

Far beyond the tangible love goeth
  When the matron's holy fountful breast
Of the slumbering infant's breathings knoweth,
  Distant in its rosy curtained nest;

To her bosom's sense
Saith a throb intense
List! the babe awakeneth from its rest.

When the storm of battle's tide was rolling
And a hero fell upon the plain,
For his soul no passing bell was tolling,
Silently he sank amid the slain.
Did he wish to say
To those far away,
He could ne'er return to them again?

Who can tell the agony of sorrow
In the bleeding bullet-riven breast;
When 'tis felt that ere the dawning morrow
Life shall be no longer there a guest!
May not ardent prayer
Hope for favor where
Love for ever dwelleth with the blest?

In their moonlit home his friends were seated,
Free from thought of sadness or of care;
In a distant room his harp repeated
Notes of prelude to a well-known air.
"'Tis our Orpen's touch!
He is thinking much
To surprise us—but how came he there?"

To that distant chamber swiftly gliding
Like pale ghosts they gather round the door.
Surely it is he and he is hiding,
Orpen, speak! O speak now, we implore!
All is still as death,
Save their hurried breath
As they pant with terror more and more.

When the door was opened, not a token
Of a living creature there was found
Fearful seemed the silence and unbroken,

Human hand had not produced the sound.
Reasoning is vain,
None could e'er explain
How such legends every where abound.

It was at the moment of his falling,
Messengers in after days brought word:
From red battle's scene of dread appalling
Winged his yearning spirit like a bird;
In blind wanderings
Fluttering o'er the strings,
And the harp with voice of warning stirred.

Is their nothing, though no voice resoundeth?
Though no vision cometh to the sight?
Shrinketh not the heart when gloom surroundeth
Veiling all in dense Plutonian night?
Curdling tremors creep
Through the darkness deep,
What is it that so thrilleth with affright?

The Breath of the Invisible!

Weird fancy peoples echoes never ended:
Like shadow thoughts, when in our hearts we pray,
With their mystic harmony seems blended
Faint glimmerings of remote celestial ray:
As some starry beam
O'er a sedgy stream
Sprinkling light within its watery way.

WHISPER.

"Tra l'opre tutte, in cui grandeggia Iddio,
La prima e questa: e di ammirarla ha ingiunto
All' uom Natura, il di cui spron l'ha punto
Per quanto all bello ei sia cieco e restio.

* * * * *

Fai d'ogni nostro senso alta rapina!"

Il Conte Vittorio Alfieri.

"Poter Della Bellezza."

Throbbing heart, tumultuous beating,
Silence keep,
Inward tears of joy unuttered
Let me weep!
Bathed the lips in blissful cups o'erflowing
Deeper and more eager thirst is growing:
Faints the yearning spirit with its sighing,
In intensity of fondness dying.
Vain throbbing heart tumultuous beating
Be at peace!
Till again she comes to bless me
Cease, ah cease!
O passionate heart, be still! perturbed, rest!
Till my sweet dove comes nestling to her nest,
Blissful in blessing with true fervour blest.

Haste slow-paced time till honeyed hours return,—
Till, moist with kisses, lips no longer burn:—
Till fevered loving lips no longer burn.
Ebb not so low life's tide! in wishing, longing,
Rapturous thoughts with crowded beauty thronging;
Roseate clouded visions bringing round me;
Spells of breathing incense that have bound me
In entrancèd dreamings of the past:
Veiled with angel's wings around me cast.

Radiant she comes! so liquid deep,
Those eyes that all wild passions steep
In bland affection's balm!
Flooding all my soul with joy.
Anon, unkindly coy,
She paineth with harsh wincings from my touch.
O passionate heart, thy depth of love who knows?

O bees that kiss the bosom of the rose!
Bold, angry bee that wrestleth with the rose:
Ah, me!
How wildering to the brain rich perfume grows
Inhaled too much!—
Craving, desiring almost unto anguish,
The fainting spirit droops, with hopes that languish
For the sweet odours that do feed the sense
Of love's quintessent sweetness so intense.

I am weary, weary wandering in long days
Where the rustling corn, ripe waving,
Hymns God's praise;
Shining poppies in red brightness bending
And fair cornflowers blue-eyed beauty lending:
Blue-eyed beauty with a golden gracefulness
Sweetly blending.
I am weary, weary wandering in long days:
Amid the rhododendron thickets pining;
Braids of tangled bindweed and forget-me-not
Thoughtful twining:
Milk white blossoms with the purple night shade
Pensive twining.
Through the shadowy stillness, round me creeping,
Comes a wave of tender memory steeping
My soul in tears;
Like a wail of discord in a plaintive song
That mid the dulcet notes comes like a wrong,
Yet still endears;
Making the influence more intensely strong
Of myriad soft emotions' busy throng
Of hopes and fears.

In a circle of my arms enfolding
Came a dove:
Emblem of a little lady's
Nestling love.
To my bosom with soft fondlings gently prest

In my heart of hearts the flutterer
Found a nest;
And the memory of its tender flutterings
Breaks my rest.
Yet once more! O dear one! back unto me
With endearments fondly let me woo thee!
And again
With love-knots bind thy pinions as a token
Of a spell that shall remain unbroken:
Though my thoughts may never be outspoken
I would fain
Whisper, only whisper!
As murmuring waters whisper
Under flowery margins of the plain:
Whisper, but to ease my troubled brain.
Whisper to the bird that hath its gaze
Fixed upon me from among the sprays
With inquiring look
At my pen and book.
Whisper how the ecstacy of loving
Tears me with its pain;
Whisper how love's bonds of wreathèd flowers
Nought can break in twain.

Wild bird! no longer wild while sitting near me!
Looking in my eyes as if to cheer me.
Dost read the love light in my face aright!
That, flitting not away in hurried flight
Thou lookest curious without fear!
Art jealous that I here intrude
Within thy leafy solitude?
Where wondering stillness fills the listening ear.
E'en so, the heart's deep shadowy solitude
Must silence keep.
O mocking bird! if not to thee, for very sympathy
To the lone stillness deep,

I would fain
Whisper how love twineth wreaths of flowers
Nought can break in twain;
Whisper how the ecstacy of loving
Tears me with its pain;
Whisper how a chain of tangling flowers
Round us must remain,
Ever will remain.

A TALE OF ANACREON.

IN THE METRE OF THE ORIGINAL. ODE XXXIII. ED. VAT.

In the noontide hour of darkness,
In the deep dark blue of heaven
When Arcturus makes his circuit,
Guided by the great Bootes:
Arctou Oura the She-Bear's tail
Storm-predicting called Arcturus,
Guided round the star of pale blue:
Alpha of the great Bootes.
Of Bootes, or Bubulcus,
Or Arctophylax the same with
That Icarius of Athenae,
Fair Erigone's fond father;
That Icarius by the shepherds
Killed because he made them tipsy:
Or some say Arcadian Arcas
Placed by Zeus above the cloud-land,
Fixed there as a constellation
That he might be far from danger—
Having nearly killed his mother
Changed by Hera to a she-bear.

Thus it happened, in the midnight,
When all mortal beings speaking
Tongues of diverse strange inflexions;

When mankind with labour wearied
Eyelids close in peaceful slumber;
Sleeping in the dewy silence
In the valley of night's shadows.
Through the darkness came a knocking
On the bars that hold my casement,
And the bolts were tried and shaken
By a hand upon the outside;
Some one in the murky darkness
Knocking at the grated window.
Loud I spoke then, "Who so noisy
Tries the fastenings of my casement
Shaking all the window trellis;
Scattering all sleep's pleasant visions,
From the wizard realms of Morpheus
Thus dispelling all the pastime."

Answered me a small voice saying,
"It is but a child, so fear not
To have pity and give shelter,
Pity a poor little fellow
Who has lost his way out playing;
Chasing grey moths in the gloaming
Of this moonless night's discomfort,—
Having lost my way a long time,
I was drenched by great black rain clouds;
With the cold and wet I shiver,
Do admit a little fellow."

Holding high a lamp, I opened
Wide the door—a boy child entered
Of a most surpassing beauty,
Silver wings upon his shoulders,
And a bow he carried with him
And some arrows in a quiver.
Soon upon my knee the child sat
While I chafed his little fingers,
Held each little hand so chilly

In the hollow of my warm palms
Till I made his small hands warmer.
Then he said, "Suppose we try now
If the rain has hurt my bow string,
Or the horn is harmed by dampness;
Let us try if it will string now."
Soon the tiny reflex stringing,
Cunningly he placed an arrow,
In another instant shot me
Through my quickened heart's pulsations;
Stung me like a stinging gadfly.
Then up jumping laughed the urchin,
Mocking like a little mischief,
Saying, "O, my entertainer
Join with me in great rejoicing;
That my bow is quite uninjured
Should afford us much contentment:
That no harm has happened to it
You will soon know from what follows,
When you taste each sweet and bitter
Flower of love's capricious fancy
Springing from the wound it gave you:
Sweet and bitter seeds erotic
In your heart will soon be growing."

MILO OF CROTONA.

A Basso Song.

Titanic in his strength he rears
His mighty shoulders square and high;
Upon his rock-cut brow appears
The crown of seven fold victory.

In grey-haired majesty alone he stands,
Deep in a wood beyond Crotona's plains;

A biforked tree he seizes with both hands—
He strains—it yields, again, again he strains:

The riven stem a yawning chasm shows,
With bended knee he makes it wider gape;
Ah, me! his right hand slips, the fibres close
With torturing grasp that yields him no escape.

Loud thunder rolls, the lightning's sudden glare
Scares the wild Dryad from the splintered oak;
The rushing wind screams through her horrent hair,
And cowering Satyrs goat-legged Pan invoke.

A circling eagle in the night air swims;
Gaunt wolves rush howling on their destined prey;
With cruel fangs they tear his shuddering limbs,
And madness whirls the wrestling soul away.

—o—

FAUN AND OREAD.

"O come, O bella, l'ardor dei vino
Piu corallini tuoi labbri fa.'
Bacco vi stilla soave amore
D'un tal sapore, che Amor non ha."

Paulo Rolli.

Little Oread, Oread mine!
Drink with me Icarian wine,
Per Lyaeo! in the way,
Embalmed of old in Poet's lay:
As one dreamt of Moenads singing,
When their revelry was ringing,—
Ivy crowned, their wild way winging,
Thyrsi shaking, branches breaking—
On the Thracian height.
And their silver cymbals, clashing,
To the time of swift feet flashing,
In the slanting light.

When fond lovers, two and two,
Scatter'd o'er the distant view,
Romping played, as you with me,
Till the sun sank in the sea.

Little Oread, listen well!
Listen to me, as I tell
How to work the magic spell.
For the song may be but sung
To the loving and the young;
Only sweetest of enslavers
Are deemed worthy of such favors.

Per Lyaeo! Oread mine!
This, the cup to hold the wine,
Should be like the lily fair,
Yet tinged with warmer lustre;
On each side in ample folds
Auburn hair should cluster:
Eyes that gleam with pretty malice
O'er a brimming foaming chalice.
Smoothness of the inside lip,
Red as opening rose bud tip,
Should receive the sparkling wine
Where bright ivory flood gates shine;
For against those portals white
Leaps the tide with fresh delight.
Now to the foam bell's music listen,
Saucy brown eyes brighter glisten;
Sparkling foam bells faster follow
To their coral prison hollow!
Where the hidden tints suffuse
Of the inmost cactus' hues.

From the crisp gourd's yellow shell,
Watch the last frisk nectar bell
Vanish in that pretty cell;
Soon again to be set free,—

Welcomed, ah! so lovingly.
Then his lips the portal press
With a thirsting tenderness;
For the wine love's sweetness gained
In ambrosial mouth retained.

Thus the Faun recorded,—while
Oread listened with a smile;
And the time they now beguile.
Interspersed with kissing, laughing,
Alternate from each other quaffing.
Shadowed by a sun-lit vine,
Their little souls grow dank with wine;
And their giddy senses lave
In the Dionusian wave:
Till, with lithe arms half entwining,
On a bank they rest reclining.
And the dusky twilight creeping
Up the hillside finds them sleeping.

ΚΑΛΟΝ ΕΣΤΙ ΒΑΔΙΖΕΙΝ.

Pleasant are those summer saunterings, where the meadow's long haired sheen
Shows the track of Zephyr's footsteps, as in ancient times was seen
When he chased the swift Podarge, under antique skies serene.
Zephuros the happy wooer!

Glorious are the tree-arched openings, juicy tendrils of the vine
Swing their graceful pendent clusters, and around each other twine.
Life is pleasant, thus sun sheltered, with another hand in thine;
Zephuros around thee wooing.

Dream the dream the poet tells us of himself supremely
blest;
Dark eyes fondly gazing o'er him—dusky cheeks his
lips have prest;
And a Samian maiden's bosom is the haven of his rest.
Zephuros around him wooing.

Since that time, in countless millions, human souls have
past away;
Yet Dryusa's rocks are sprinkled with the crisp Aegaean
spray;
Still the muscat vines o'ershadow sylvan paths where
lovers stray.
Zephuros around them wooing.

———o———

MNEIA.

Sweet violet eyes of varying hue,
Fountains that mingled silver and blue;
Deep azure eyes of amethyst light,
Merrily sparkled thy laughter bright.

Dove-like the fondness purpling each ray—
Clear violet skies of a cloudless day:
Smiling in sympathy—beaming with bliss—
Halcyon eyes, thy remembrance I kiss.

Yielding for love's sake—calming the breast—
To the vexed spirit nepenthe and rest;
Welcoming always—grieving to part—
In dreams oft thou comest again to my heart.

Tiny and soft hands sculptured in snow
Press my brow soothingly; voice sweet and low
Echoing love notes it warbled before,
Where the stream flowed by the asphodel shore.

A CONVERSATION.

From the Idyllia of Bion.

(In the metre of the original Greek.)

Date circa 2150 years ago.

Cleodamus.

Which do you think is the sweetest of seasons? the Spring or the Summer?
Or Winter? or wouldst thou the time when the olives are gathered?
Fair Summer, when all things we toil at completely are finished?
Pleasantly passes the Autumn, while waiting to sow the new harvests?
Or, Murson, what think you of Winter, when people inactive
Charmed with the warmth of the fire-glow fully enjoy being idle?
Is Spring your desire? or which would you choose of the changes?
Tell me; for now we have leisure to turn to and chat for diversion.

Murson.

Not to a mortal is given the right to decide on such questions;
Seasons are sacred designments and wisely ordained their transitions:
Yet may I tell to a dear friend the bent of my own idle fancy.—
Summer is not quite delightful; for then the sun partially roasts me,
Autumn is often morbific; excess of rich fruit is unwholesome.
Bearing the frost, and the snow storms, of long dreary Winter is horror.

Hence I love threefold the Spring time, and would that
it always were with us;
Neither ice-fetters benumbing nor rage of the fierce sun
oppresses;
In the new youth of the year fresh beauty is everywhere
budding:
All things in turns with sweet breath, fond breezes are
joyously kissing:
Darkness and daylight are equal, for labour and rest so
divided,
Evenly meting to mortals the black and the white of
existence.

———o———

SNOW.

Filmy, feathery snow,
Silently, softly falling,
Far as the eye can go
The distance is filled with snow,
Filmy, feathery snow,
Silently, softly falling:
Above, around, below,
The delicate filmy snow
Silent softly falling.

Not a cloud in the sky,
Only the fluttering snow;
Watch the flakes as they idly fly,
As hither and thither they go,
As whirling about they go,
Looking up ever so high
Into the falling snow.

The delicate filmy snow
Through the voiceless air is falling,

Not a sound—only the filmy snow
In the unquiet silence falling;
Large outstretch'd limbs of old elms look dark
Through the pale mist gathering over the park;
The misty breath of the snow,
The flakes of the down-coming snow,
And the far-off thickening snow
In the distant dimness falling.

Filmy feathery snow
Silently softly falling;
Forests of branches of silvery spray
Are clothing themselves with a veil of white,
Crystall'd with morsels of frozen light;
Surrounded by fluttering snow.
Earth puts on her ermine, star-woven, star-bright,
The wind-borne mantle, the pure pure white
Of old winter's state array.

———o———

CANTATA.

NOVA TEMPORIS ÆTAS.

From a long night of sleep,
The earth refreshed awakes;
A voiceless wind from the south
The almond tree blossom shakes,
And the meek young lilies upwards peep,
Where the sun through the woodland breaks.

When the furious storms were rushing
Through the firs on the howling wold,
When the roaring floods were gushing
Down the rifts of their mountain-hold,
While the icy moons were creeping
Around her still she slept,

Though the melting snows were weeping
On her bare unsheltered breast;
She, in yule-tide dreams was sleeping—
Now soft warblings break her rest.

Awake! bright days are breaking, awake!
Thy children about thee call—
Awake to the leafy springing of life,
To sleep again at its fall,
Sleep, sleep again at its fall.

When the crocuses long ago
Rose above their beds of snow,
Her bosom heaved with a tremulous thrill
As she turned in her slumber, slumbering still.

Fond mother, calm reposing
The young year on thy breast,
Its violet eyes unclosing,
Hath roused thee from thy rest.
The misty curtains aside are drawn
And the light falls on thy face—
The tender light of an April dawn,
Where the blushes of spring we trace.
Strewn in the valleys green
The primrose flowers are seen,
And the lark is singing and soaring high
Far in the pearl-grey depths of the sky.

Crowned with a rainbow-promise bright,
Spring in her childhood fair,
Radiant with light from an opal dome
And sunbeam woven hair,
With a rosebud kiss on her dewy lips,
Over the meadow sward laughingly trips
As she brings to our orchards their bloom.

THE YOUNG YEAR.

Budding branches in the young year smiling
Lift their cresset crownings to the morn;
Rosy hours the terraced clouds are piling,
And pale Dian dips her silver horn,
As Phœbus, from his car of dazzling splendour,
Looks down upon the blushes of the morn.

Day by day a feast he now is holding,
As a bridegroom feasteth with a bride;
Each new charm unveiling and unfolding,
As the freshets swell life's turning tide;
Eager for the love of his bestowing
Of her future joy the soul and guide.

Where stark wintry trees on rugged mountains
Wait beneath the cold grey Boreal sky,
Hope is rising in deep hidden fountains,
Strong to meet the rich-robed season nigh;
When, with bright and shining green apparel,
Earth shall welcome back the cuckoo's cry.

———o———

A MAY SONG.

There is no month like the month of May,
Daisy crowned May;
Blooming, blossoming, maidensweet May,
Growing May.
Life is triumphant on every spray,
And pleasanter grows the lengthening day
Breathing the breath of the sweet-smelling May.

The white pear blossoms are falling in showers
Mocking the snow of the yule tide hours,
And the apple boughs tangled with bright promise flowers,

Curtain the light in our orchard bowers.
Hither away
Where the soft winds play,
List to the voices that call thee away.

Poet lay aside thy pen,
The soft winds say.
Toiler, leave the haunts of men
Where no soft winds play.
Templar come from thy dusky den—
Here the soft winds play.
Artist, roam in the gold gorse glen
Where the soft winds play.
Turn thy fever'd cheek to the air
That will kiss away from thy brow its care.
For there is no month like the month of May.
King cup May,
Daisy crown'd May,
Blooming, blossoming, maidensweet May,
When beauty is shining on every spray,
And pleasanter grows the lengthening day
Breathing the breath of the sweet smelling May
The breath of the beautiful, blossoming May.

———o———

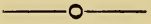
WHEN THE CHESTNUTS LIFT THEIR BLOSSOMS.

When the chestnuts lift their blossoms
O'er the fragrance of the May,
And the pure fresh green of summer
Clothes anew each branching spray;

When the sunny bright laburnum
Waves its pensile locks of gold,

And the rich blue iris flowers
Their soft blossomings unfold;
When the breath of early morning
Woos the cheek with perfume sweet,
And the ring-doves in the woodland
Constant cooing notes repeat.

Turn we then to those who love us,
Unto all we hold most dear—
Grateful if unmixed with sorrow
Comes the beauty of the year.



SUMMER-BREATHING BUTTERFLY.

Summer-breathing butterfly
Beauty on thy wings,
Sparkling in the amber light
Thy gay coming brings.
Swinging in the woodbine sweet,
Feasting on the rose;
Clinging where thy fairy feet
Jasmine flowers unclose:
Climbing up a sea-green stem
Into sapphire shade,
Where the purple iris plant
Her soft nest has made.
Crossing flowery vista paths,
Swift as radiant thought
Tinged with hues from Hybla's bloom
To the poet brought.
Ever like a dream of life
In the sunbright air;
Now thy pinions o'er thy head
Fold like hands in prayer.

Speed thy wooing, Psyche gay,
In the turquois sky;
Soon will sorrowing Autumn say
"Close those wings and die."

———o———

FULGET CANDIDA DIES.

Wild bees humming.
Golden is the mellow morn,
In the long fern rests the fawn—
Wild bees humming.
Gems are glistening on the lawn,
Sunlit dewdrops of the dawn.
Bees are humming.

Swallows flying
To and fro among the leaves,
Underneath the reed-thatch eaves—
Constant plying:
Here and there, with purple light
Flashing from their plumage bright,
Swiftly flying.

Distant cawing,
Over the elm branches high
Stretching upwards to the sky
Rooks are cawing.
Querulous with ceaseless sound,
Hovering dubiously around—
Cawing—Cawing.

White swans gliding,
Where the breeze-strewn cloudlets flow
In the crystal stream below—
Calmly gliding.

Heaven reflected from above,
Soft air whispering peace and love,
Man's heart guiding.

———o———

FINIS CORONAT.

Splendour of ethereal light!
Skies and seas in glory blending
With thy grand hymn to the night
From the zenith slow descending,
Night that stedfast toil doth bless
In tranquilising tenderness.

Down the old elm glade, thy beams
Into radiant mist are spreading;
And the moted glory streams
Silvery seraph light are shedding,
Where yon children clothed in white
Shine coruscant, angel bright.

Light from time eterne that springs!
Mystic music, heavenward calling,
Creeps along air woven strings
As the day's red orb is falling:
Lambent fire the tree tops hold
Lancing spires of vivid gold.

Spirit of transforming love!
All benignant is thy power;
Man's best blessing from above,
With us now at this sweet hour,
As we worship thee awhile
In the long day's parting smile.

SCYTHE BEARERS.

Sturdy mowers, in the morning early,
Sharpen cheeping scythes, all wet with dew,
As athwart the east the sky grows pearly
Ere the shadows stretch themselves anew.

When the sun is high, in mid-day splendour,
Frugally they feast in grateful shade,
Under spreading tents of June leaves tender,
Where with new cut grass a couch is made.

Long the daylight lasts—the broad backs bending
Still reap heavy harvest from the field;
Scatter'd groups of children home are tending,
Little eyes with weariness soon sealed.

Oh! sweet scented days of blythe haymaking!
Frolic-laughter merry peals doth ring;
Men and boys and girls, their rough hair shaking,
Smothering heaps upon each other fling.

When the deepening twilight gloom is falling,
And the shorn mead dark and darker grows,
Echo mocks the distant voices calling,
All unwilling for the night's repose.

Such the strength that won old England's glory,
Such the strong hearts of our loving pride;
Great in modern as in ancient story,
Sweeping down the swath of battle's tide.

———o———

QUESTANT.

"The peaches on the garden wall
Were lately hard and green;
Whence come those hues of crimson bloom,
In their ripe beauty seen?"

"So tints the sun each fruit and flower
With his all-powerful rays;
They bask in his bright fostering smile,
And turn to meet his gaze.
Yes, little curious questioner,
Whose eyes of azure beam
Like mirror'd harebells in the depth
Of some pure glassy stream;—
Look up on high! far, far above,
Beyond our earthly reach;
That glorious planet's golden warmth
Gives colour to the peach."

"But whence the perfume of the flowers?
The juice of luscious pines?
Doth, then, the cause of these dwell higher,
Beyond where yon sun shines?"

Another voice came whispering low,
"How like this child are we!
Wondering, with upward looks of love,
Beside a parent's knee."

HESPERUS.

In the old sequestered orchard;
When the glowing sun goes down,
Quieting the tidal turmoil
Of the busy town.

Where the ruddy fruit o'erhanging,
Arches down the yielding trees;
And the rustling leaves their vespers
Whisper to the breeze.

Where kind nature's blazoned missal
Opens lovingly, to teach
Bounty, in the rich profusion
Of the plum and peach.

Sweet pomaceous perfumed juices
On moss-cumbered fronds abound;
Lusciously the melting clusters
Bend towards the ground.

Plenty, her ambrosial incense,
Offers to refreshing night;
Gold and ruby censers swinging
In the sleepy light.

Lingering rays still lean and shimmer
On the green fig-dotted walls;
And a grateful hushing stillness
O'er the spirit falls.

Hark! a deep-toned organ's fullness—
Children's voices sweet and clear!
'Tis the holy hymn of evening
In the chapel near.

White robed thoughts of heavenly glory,
As we listen, fill the breast;
Cloud-lit, radiant vistas opening,
Pathways of the blest.

Shines a welling cup of mercy,
Borne by bright-winged seraphim,
Hither wafted on the echoings
Of that evening hymn.

DROUGHT AND RAIN.

The time of drought has lasted long:
No pasture on the plain:
Plants, shrubs, and trees all drooping bow
Their heads in need of rain.

The fruit hangs rotting on the branch;
The sun strikes on the brain
Of workers, in the heated air
Unfreshened by the rain.

The lowing herds, the bleating sheep
In altered tones complain;
Dry throats grow voiceless in the want
Of hoped for, longed for, rain.

A little while and then no more
May these their life sustain;
All weak with heat, and faint with thirst,
They die for want of rain.

A cry goes up from human souls:
O God! to hear us deign,
Cast not thine anger on us thus;
In mercy grant us rain.

Dark drifting clouds,—the baffling wind
Drives to and fro the vane;—
Now! sweetly comes the welcome sound,
The pattering on the pane.

Earth revels in the rushing flood,
The downpour on the plain
That, scorched and cracked and parched and burnt,
Now drinks the plashing rain.

Rationalistic foes, forbear!
Our creed we will maintain;
God hears the prayers of earnest hearts.
God's mercy sends this rain.

———o———

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

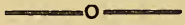
I hear a sure token,
A herald has spoken,
The sweet spell is broken
Of summer's warm days!
No more lovers toying,
Their fond hopes enjoying,
Till kisses grow cloying
Beneath the moon's rays.

Harsh breezes are sighing,
Earth's blossoms are dying,
Pale rose-leaves are lying
Upon the damp lawn;
Bright hours are fleeting,
Mists come with chill greeting,
And cold is the meeting
Of evening or morn.

Gay summer is going—
The sweet meadow mowing,
The reaping and sowing,
Are over and past;
The robin is singing,
The summer's knell ringing,
While Autumn is bringing
His yellow leaves fast.

As twilight falls lightly,

With gray shadow nightly,
The sun still looks brightly
Upon that red breast—
A look warm and glowing,
A last fond look throwing,
Where melody's flowing,
As he sinks to rest.



FAIR DAYS OF AUTUMN.

All around a deepening shroud of softness
Fills the mellowing air,
With an incense to the eye appealing
O'er the varied prospect everywhere!

Incense spreading like a vast thanksgiving,—
Not with voice of mirth;
But as altar smoke, of nature, wreathing
Grateful o'er the produce-yielding earth.

Seraph homes in western skies draw nearer
When the broad light fades;
While with cloud-wrapt beauty heaven is glowing
Watchful blue mists fold the sleepy glades.

Hallowed seems each scene since gilded summer
Shone in robes of green;
And ablaze her beds of vivid color
Dazzled with the splendour of their sheen.

Were the grape-bloom shadows half so tender
In those summer days?
Wore her infant hours those veils of whiteness
Autumn's mystic, sun-steeped mornings raise?

Angels' breathings closer to us whisper
Of the shortening year;
Creeping round us in the freckled bowers
Where the rustling leaves fall crisp and sere.

Time his way toward the winter winging
Sparing some bright flowers,
Bids us cherish these as God sent tokens
Not in grief to pass life's waning hours.

MUSTER SONG OF THE BRITISH VOLUNTEER RIFLEMEN.

Readily, readily,
Rifles muster readily.
Comrades of the death-winged ball,
Keep your purpose steadily.
Steadily, aye steadily!
At each shot a foe must fall!
Give your fire steadily.

Bold in heart, and sure in aim,
Let none with us trifle;
Each will claim a soldier's name,
With a soldier's rifle.
Peace we wish, and hope to keep,
But, should foemen bluster,
In each valley, on each steep,
Bid them see us muster.
Readily, readily, &c.

Like the teeth by Cadmus sown!
Menaces are bringing
Such a crop as ne'er was known
From the old land springing.

For our mothers, for our wives,
For our maidens' beauty,
We will dearly sell our lives,
At the call of duty.
Readily, readily, &c.

Laugh we at invasion's frown,
With a proud emotion;
Looking, from our white cliffs, down
On Britannia's ocean.
Freedom's home shall still be free,
See her flag wide waving;
To protect the refugee
Who comes shelter craving.
Readily, readily, &c.

Who shall say they can discern
England's bravery waning,
While her sons, with purpose stern,
To such arms are training?
Foes may come, or stay away;
If, with valour burning,
They should come, we only say—
How about returning?
Readily, readily, &c.

———o———

ARMY, NAVY, AND VOLUNTEERS.

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

Brave Soldiers! who afar and near
Hold fast the banner of our sway,
In temper'd vale, or plateau cold,
Or parching in the tropic ray;
Well trusted guardians of our right,

We think of you with noble pride
As worthy sons of sires of old,
By brunt of battle scathed and tried.
Cheers!
Loud cheers!!
Loud glorious hearty cheers!!!
For their self-denial and daring,
That old England's heart endears.

The giant fleet, in armour clad,
That lives upon the surging main,
And rides in peril and in storm
An empire's welfare to maintain,
Looks back to when King Alfred launched
His galley navy from the shore,
To grow in time, and find a voice,
And speak with cannon's mighty roar.
Cheers!
Loud cheers!!
Loud glorious hearty cheers!!!
For our lion hearted sailors,
Bold as those of bygone years.

All love sweet peace, yet when 'tis war
Each one is ready for the fray;
With willing steps our soldiers speed,
Our sailors aid them on their way.
Upspringing, like the dragon's teeth,
Our Volunteers, in serried ranks,
Stand forth the marksmen of the world,
Their greatest prize a nation's thanks.
Cheers!
Loud cheers!!
Loud glorious hearty cheers!!!
For our army, and our navy,
And united volunteers.

A WINE SONG.

Where the southern sun is beaming,
Where the rich-robed earth is teeming,
Where the vine-clad slopes are gleaming,
Is thy birthplace—Wine!
Where the southern sun is beaming,
Is thy birthplace—Wine!

Purple, red, and yellow, gushing—
Maidens young thy berries crushing,
Glowing, sun-kissed cheeks are blushing
O'er thy cradle—Wine!
Glowing, sun-kissed cheeks are blushing
O'er thy cradle—Wine!

Swarthy forms huge casks are stowing,
White-winged ships are ocean going,
Distant winds o'er ocean blowing,
Waft thee to us—Wine!
Distant winds, o'er ocean blowing,
Waft thee to us—Wine!

Here, long time thou liest sleeping,
In trustworthy butler's keeping,
Till he brings thee, gurgling, leaping
To our fond lips—Wine!
Health-reviving, care-dispelling,
Love-inspiring—Wine!

———o———

THE CUPS OF THE LAWS.

ANACREON. ODE XLVIII.

Bring the lyre of great Homerus;
Tear away the blood stained string.

Pour me, from Ionian goblets,
Wine of legislation's spring.
Filled with joyous halcyon fancies
Drawn from life streams of the vine,
In ecstatic verse I give you
Laws with pleasure that combine.

Showers of golden thought come flashing
When the flame born fills the soul,
Frenzies conscious and poetic
Leap exulting from the bowl.
And the listening chords shall pulsate,
Sympathizing with the glee
Of the hymn, O Dionusos!
Loudly I will sing to thee.
Quick! the harp heroic bring!
But without the blood stained string.

———o———

HOW KISSING FIRST CAME UP.

One glowing summer morning, reading calmly in the glade,
Where shadows of the waving trees a moving carpet made,
With gauzy flowing garments, gliding fay-like through the air,
Young Ellen came and lightly leant upon my garden chair,
Her white round arm so lightly leaning on the rustic chair.

"What quaint old musty volume, cousin, are you pondering o'er?"
"The History of Womankind, as told in days of yore;
With curious tales of customs strange its pages do abound,

And here the way 'how kissing first came up' is to be found,
How kissing first was introduced, herein is to be found.

This pleasing pastime first began in Rome, as some assert,
Where ladies never tasted wine, not even at dessert;
And kinsmen to be certain of such abstinence, it saith,
First kissed relations on the mouth, to find out by their breath,
To find out if the rich wine's fragrance lingered in their breath."

In thoughtful blushing silence, gentle Ellen looketh down,
And gathereth on her puzzled brow faint semblance of a frown;
"Why you so oft have kissed me, I could ne'er before divine,
But, oh!—how could you—could you ever think I smelt of wine,
Now, cousin! did you really ever think I smelt of wine?"

——o——

THE MUFFIN BELL.

A Country-town Song.

That little noisy muffin-bell,
Tinkling down the misty street,
With drowsy echo doth foretell
Festive hours, when old friends meet.
How early now the day grows dusk!
The autumn stores are gathered in;

And filberts, peeping through their husk,
Coax old port from choicest bin.
Ting-a ring-ting, tinkle ting, tinkle ting!
That little bell cheerful thoughts does bring.

The present year is growing old,
Changed the vesture of his prime;
Still looking gay with brown and gold;
Soon he'll wear a beard of rime.
Prepare a welcome for our guest,
Heaps of game, no doubt, he'll bring;
Make home a warm and cosy nest,
Books we'll read, and songs we'll sing.
Ting-a-ring-ting, tinkle ting, tingle ting!
That little bell cheerful thoughts does bring.

Shut out the night, each curtain close,
Trim the brightly glowing fire;
Loud, hoarse, and shrill the rude wind blows,
Draw your chairs a little higher.
Abroad some seek ambition's prize,
Home-found joys please others well;
The social urn they don't despise:
Hark! I hear the muffin bell.
Ting-a-ring-ting, tinkle ting, tinkle ting!
That little bell cheerful thoughts does bring.

GALATEA.

A Madrigal.

"Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella;
Et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri."
Virg. Ecl. iii.

Blooming, blushing, Galatea,
Hastening to the wood I see her;

With her pretty head askance,
She turns on me a saucy glance,
Sweet enticing Galatea.

Why seeketh she the osier shade,
That coy, alluring, winsome maid?
Not to hide, but to be seen,
Ere she reach the willows green.
Tantalizing Galatea.

The sportive girl an apple throws
At me, as to the wood she goes,
And with panting bosom flies
From the kiss for which she sighs.
Laughing, mocking Galatea.

———o———

LOVE FOR THE OLD.

Many have sung
Of the joys of the young,
And their eyes of Azure light;
Yet, when all is told,
There's a charm in the old
In autumnal sunshine bright.

As the sun descends,
And the long day ends,
Richer robes clothe the changing west,
And holiness beams
O'er the woods and streams,
Happy type of a heavenly rest.

So 'tis sweet to trace
In some dear old face,
As the peach-bloom fades to white,
How the spirit's calm

Sheds a hallowing balm
O'er the threshold of coming night.

Love for the old!
Though dim vapours enfold
The sides of the mountains high;
Their summits serene
Stand clear between
Earth's mists and a cloudless sky.

———o———

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

Sabbath morn, snowflakes are falling
Round the Church-yard's grey stone wall;
Softer sound the chime bells calling
To the village and the hall:
Come unto me heavy laden,
Little children come to me,
Yeoman, matron, youth and maiden,
Come! to all God's house is free.

Cheerfully a crowd is wending,
Leaving footprints in the snow;
Onward leading, upward bending
To the Church-crown'd hill they go.
See! a gleam of sunshine, playing
O'er the pulpit's glowing red,
Seems to bless the Vicar praying,
As he bows his silver head.

Footprints, fringed with crystals sparkling,
Trace out many a winding way
To and from the Church, when darkling
Evening veils the silent day.
Night's fond eyes, with diamond splendour,

Look down on the scene below,
Where the loving moonbeams tender
Kiss those footsteps in the snow,

———o———

AUTHOR TO COMPOSER.

DUAD.

Through thee the rhymer hears his lay,
By voice notes rendered sweet;
Where beauty reigns in bright array,
And fond and faithful meet.
The wedded music's charming art
Yield's him a joy intense;
Its tones a fresh delight impart;
Heart echoing the sense.
When both, by fate's dark doom decreed,
Shall drink of Lethe's spring;
Pure maiden's eyes my words may read,
Dear lips thy notes may sing.
And so our little lyrics live
Enshrined for many a day;
That some a thought to us may give
When we have passed away.

———o———

LA MARCHESANA.

Una Pittûra.

Chesnut hair of rich luxuriance rolled in many a massy fold—
O'er her forehead crinkled wavelets rob the sunshine of its gold.
Seated in the oriel window, where the summer glory streams

O'er her purple silk-clad shoulders, and with varied radiance beams;
Shines amid the mazy threadings that reflect the ambient light,
Gleaming with a golden glory, crowning with that radiance bright.
And the chesnut's pink-stained blossoms with her loveliness compare,
Sweeter than the lily's paleness, cream of beauty full and fair.
From the garden she has entered like a newly-gathered flower,
Bringing all the perfume freshness of the morning's brightest hour:
On a seat her hat is lying, just now it was cast aside,
And her jeweled hand is toying with a humming bird's gay pride.
Now she looks up and those clear eyes, speaking with a modest grace,
Bid you welcome to the friendship of a truly handsome face,—
Bid you with retiring glances, be observant of your place:
Veil your gaze with due obeisance she is of a royal race.
From Athene the glaucopis came those eyes of cæsian ray
Constant in their hyaline changes, "love me not" they always say.

———o———

JESSAMINE.

Peeping through the Jessamine—
What see I there?
An ivory shoulder'd maiden,

Braid her ebon hair;
And o'er a Prie-Dieu bow her head,
Whilst her orisons are said.

Peeping through the Jessamine—
What see I now ?
The maiden nestling in her couch,
And the lamp's pale glow
Flickering through the chamber white,
Half in shadow, half in light.

Sweet the breath of Jessamine—
In the dusky air;
Sweeter is the maiden's sigh
On her pillow fair,
Sleeping like a pale blush rose,
Giving odour in repose.

Perish'd is the Jessamine—
And the cottage lorn;
Yet, fond love hath that fair maiden
Like an amulet worn,
Since the dreamings of the night
In that trellis-chamber white.

———o———

THE PRIMROSE PATH.

April days when the clouds reveal
Glimpses of azure sky,
April days when the wild bees steal
From their winter nooks and try,
With many a clumsy abortive attempt,
In gleams of sunshine to fly.

Young year days that have passed away
Like the sound of the marriage bells;

Whose tremulous musical memories sway
The soul where a pure love dwells:
Calling back, often in grey beard years,
Love's earliest fancies and fears;
Love's every idle fear:
When the almond tree blossom first opened its leaves
Like a sweet hope mid loneliness drear;
First blossom of love how dear:
How dear to the yearning spirit of youth!
How inexpressibly dear.
There is nothing in life so sweet,
There is nothing so sweet so dear;
There is nought in the after months
Like the primrose path of the year.

A dew drop lies on the bosom sweet
Of a delicate pale primrose;
And a single violet grows
On a mossy bank where lovers meet:
A single violet grows,
Leaning over that pale primrose;
Looking into the depths of its pure young life
In the morning's early hour.
And the lustrous tear in its heart of joy
Drinks the hue of the deeper flower:
And reflects in its lucid tremulous wave
A far thought of a purple power!
An imperial purple power
Sees there the first dawn of a nascent hope
In that early morning hour.

* * * * *

Was it a dream or true?
As they first walked forth in the snow;
The listening doubt of an unwhispered thought
Feared to ask, lest a voice should say no!

For the witch-elms stretched their thin bare arms
With a leafless meaning of NO.
No ! in the frowning sky ;
No ! in each sullen field :
No ! in the wind that went howling by
Like a vial of wrath unsealed.
But the heart refuses to yield ;
It clings to a wishful prayer,
A chord of sweet music hath compassed it round.
A touch of a soft hand near.
A sweet trammel it cannot untie !
Though the mocking light of the midnight fire
Said alternately "live and die."
Live in the light of vain hopes awhile
In the sadness of truth to die !

* * * * *

Sleep, weary questioner, sleep,
Sink into calm repose ;
Think of the old worn classic page
With the words inscribed of the Attic sage—
"From night and chaotic darkness deep
The beauty of day arose."

* * * * *

Is it the sound of bells !
Or only the thought of a sound
In the listener's heart that rises and swells
Where hyacinths colour the ground ?
Wild hyacinths bending like pensive maids
In the young green taper grass :
Unknown to them the sorrowing mark
Of Apollo's AI ; alas !
Yes, in the far distance marriage bells ringing,
Stirring the primroses seen in the lake.
Fancy's wild wood notes the harebells are swinging,
Sweet sleeping memories fondly awake !

Hark! in that primrose vale in the wood
Where the trees no longer are bare!
They ring in the pathway the maiden trod
As she wandered unthinkingly there:
In her loveliness lonely there.
Violet eyes from the banks are peeping,
Watching love's spells around her creeping.
Anemones, with their stems so frail
That yield to each sigh of the murmuring gale,
See the new-born love on her features play
And kiss her feet as she passes away.

* * * * *

Like Anadyomene's form
In Pentelican marble moulded.
Veiled by a sacred mysterious charm
Ere by earthly arms enfolded.
A goddess! that breathes and feels
The incense around her stealing;
Drinking the life of a passionate love
Its first glow of fervour revealing.

April the pure, the young,
The tender love of the year!
The robing of nature in loveliness
The freshness of all that is dear!
If time could but linger there!
Ah! those sweet sweet days, soon past!
Ere a shadow however tender
Was over love's pathway cast.
There is nothing in life so sweet,
There is nothing so sweet so dear;
There is naught in the after months
Like the primrose path of the year.

* * * * *

The rippling waves are flowing
Over the king cob grass;
The butterflies fluttering pass;
Favonius softly blowing.

Redolent air of the Meadow-sweet plain!
In thy smooth susurrus we dream again:
Visions of dreamland, early and late,
Jostle and crowd through the ivory gate!

———o———

A CLASSIC FRAGMENT.

"Do you ask whence it comes that I write of love so often? whence comes it that my book reads so pleasantly? It is not Calliope inspires my strains nor Apollo."

PROPERTIUS. B. 2. Elegy 1.

———

As I passed out from under the pronaos of the temple, the moon was shining; that same moon which in its tender infancy softly looked down upon us. Illusive moon! frosting the tall heads of the old cypresses and bathing the trellised vines with seeming coldness; glistening among the tough leaves of the tortuous ivy, and rising like a flood up the space of the gestasio: how it threw strange forms across the avenue of planes, how it shone over the olive grove, and gleamed under the pomegranate trees; and how it seemed to sleep over the box-bordered xystus.

Its light now dwells full upon the sacred laurels—laurels whose leaves find a voice at the near approach of fire, metamorphosis of the startled nymph, who

fled, affrighted, from the ardour of the ever youthful Apollo. Chaste Dian's light, upon the transformed Daphne;—yet though the chill daughter of Peneus avoided the pursuit of her golden-haired adorer, still must she cease to flourish when his face is entirely turned away; a sunless spot to her is desolation, and in such an aspect the harsh breath of Aquilo scatters her shrinking leaves, untimely sere.

Ah! sweet Lymia, when that moonlight in its serene beauty streamed into thy dwelling; flooding the atrium and shining over the cool water of the impluvium; how curiously it seemed to wander, searching among the statues of the cavum aedium and resting at the shaded entrances of the alae. The quaint cut yews in the viridarium, the pride of thy Topiarius, looked more and more strangely shaped as it paused behind them, and crept smiling into the triclinium, peeping after us, inquisitively, as we sat, where the glow from the fire-light only half revealed our shadowy forms.

The Athenian maidens made odorous their bordered chitons with the Median citrus, but the true perfume of the myrtle flower is in every fold of my loved one's drapery.

The seals of love, impressed upon the soul of thy beauty, need no other urn; once there they can never be erased—their imprint is indelible,—there they remain for ever, piously enshrined, as the sacred ashes of some loved one whose soul has passed away into the realms of the invisible.

Septem ante Kalendas Decembres. That day was ours, that thrice and four times happy day, when the waters of the Anio were turgid with the land floods, and the yellow Tiber rushed swiftly past its shores

with foaming haste; when the lofty tree tops were tossing their red leaves to the autumn sky, and carpeted our paths with a rustling footway of bright colors. Ever sacred be the memory of its eventide, no cold morning air had chilled our hopes, no scorching ray of garish noon had dazzled thy dove-like eyes: and the sweet repose of solemn evening came, breathing silence around us.

* * * * *

The glowing chariot of streaming haired Phoebus went down beyond the shadowings of the distant mountain peaks, amid a blaze of fervid glory,—deep waves of burning crimson and gleaming amber,—reefs of glistening ruby,—broken bars of jagged sapphire unevenly edged with flame,—purple banks and ridges, along which the sparkle of the topaz lingers,—delicate pencillings of intense vermillion; all animated by one ineffable flood of glorious living light: and between all these, glimpses here and there of a pale clear amethyst sky,—the atmosphere of another existence, openings for the mind to dwell upon, glimpses that lead the thoughts far, far away, in the direction of a glorious immortality. Think, dear one, what must be the glory of that future world, of which the golden-haired Phoebus now only shows us the threshold!

———o———

MONTI OF MILAN.

A dream of joy—where the roses are blushing,
And white lily perfume is filling the air;
And a warmer tint first in the young cheek is flushing,
Of a loved one so lovingly lingering there.

A dream of joy—on deep violet pillows
Where beauty and solitude only are near,
And a tremulous thought stirs the soft breathing billows
Beneath almond eyes that to thee are so dear.

A dream of joy—in a forest of flowers,
When revels and dancing are heard in the hall,
And a fairy clad form that we know is all ours
Steals away from the splendour and pride of the ball.

A dream of joy—with the spray sparkle bounding,
And Lurline is singing with mermaiden glee;
And the lap and the lave of the salt waves are sounding,
And a jewelled arm garlands the helmsman's knee.

A dream of joy—where a fair head is lying,
And a tear drop is falling upon his breast;
And whispers are telling how moments are flying
In last, last, last kisses to sweet lips pressed.

A dream of joy—still unchanging, unbroken,
That follows life down the long dim stream of time,
With the echo of words that in rapture were spoken,
In the passionate breath of an orient clime,

A dream of joy—O, true artist lover!
Thy thought in some grove of Elysium was born,
But the veil of Sigalion lifts not to discover
The altars where such inspirations are drawn.

———o———

DOWN BY THE DARK RIVER.

Tacitæ amica silentia lunæ.

Down by the dark river silently creeping
Into the valley of night;
Under the gibbous moon hazily steeping
The air in her sea of pale light.

Dewy with tear drops the bright day is fading
Turning away a face sorrowing fair;
Holy tranquility's stillness is shading
The sound of the waterfall under the weir.

White mists are rising o'er nature reposing;
One—only one vigil star—
Other dear eyes far away sleep is closing;
Distant—ah! true heart, how far!

High in the zenith night's planet is beaming,
And where the waters flow deep;
Restlessly mirrored its image is gleaming,
Washed by the wavelets asleep.

So in our heart's life, dear loved one! deep sinking
Joy's mirrored reflection still glows—
And in sleep's ebon river from dream waves is drinking,
As they lave happy thoughts in repose.

———o———

SEMPRÉ.

A LOVE SONG.

I wake before the day and watch
The opal dawnings rise;
I hear the morning's joyous hymn,
And think of Nena's eyes.

Lost in the deep dim forest where
The plaintive cushat cries,—
I ponder, past the hour of noon,
On Nena's dark brown eyes.

I linger by the stilly lake
Till pale the moonbeam lies;
Nor ever absent from my thoughts
Are Nena's dark brown eyes.

The curtain's folds are closed at last,
The lamp, extinguished, dies:
I sleep,—and see in happy dreams
Dear Nena's dark brown eyes.

———o———

AVORIA.

A little ivory face, of hue between
The lily and magnolia's richer bloom.
Thick folds of deepest auburn hair divine;
Rich crown of glory to a matchless form.
Teeth white and perfect as the shining keys
New from the artist makers skilful hand;
Waiting the touch of genius to evoke
The tones of music's sweetest cadences.
Hypocrite face of tranquil fixedness!
Calm, coldly silent, as the gelid snow
With which stern winter clothes volcanic hills.
Do summer suns ne'er melt those mountain snows?
Or do the fires weaker burn beneath
Because of their cold niveous shrouds of white?
With the sun full upon them are they quite
Uninfluenced by the magic of his rays?
Doth not the lily, pale with passion, tell
The truth more plainly than doth any rose?
Calm, cold, dear face! thy coldness is a mask
Worn but to hide heart-centred fires of love!

———o———

EAUTONTIMORE.

Ah those mournful, mournful waves!
Plashing on the lonely shore,
Feed a tide that coldly laves

My lorn bosom evermore;
With gelid waves
Plashing on a lonely shore,

Love a lover's wrongs doth wreak,
For vain woman's mocking wile;
Nevermore to hear him speak!
Nevermore to watch his smile!
Never! but to hear, forlorn,
Those mournful waves
Plashing on the weary shore.

Cruel when we should be kind!—
Coldness killed my passion flower:
And its shrinking tendrils bind
Tighter round my heart each hour;

As I sorrowing sit and gloar,
By the foam-vexed shingled shore,
Where the curlews swoop and soar.
Mingled with the ceaseless roar,
Sounds a wail of "Nevermore,"
Moaning always "Nevermore."

———o———

AFTER A SHOWER.

*Horas non numero nisi serenas.**

Bring a palette-box and pencil for a sketch in water-colours:—
Take some greyish blue to put in for those gates of ancient make,
Such as Matsys might have wrought at, ere with canvas maul and muller.
He unvulcanized his smithy for a beauteous maiden's sake.

Indian red and Roman ochre, with a tinge of pale vermilion,
For the moulded piers of red brick reared when reigned our great Queen Bess;
And a crimson-lake stain here is, like a dash of old roussillon,
Just one bright part kept unfaded in Times's weather-beaten dress.

Through the writhed fantastic grille-work, faintly show each Doric column,
And the dentil cornice over, running down the left hand side
Of our picture, looking partly like a classic temple solemn,
With a modern clock tower over and a vane in gilded pride.

All along those Doric bases runs a pathway much neglected,
Leading on through yew tree archways to a pinery at last;
And a dial sun directed, that will tell you if inspected,
It has never marked an hour that serenely has not passed.*

Indian yellow, blue, and carmine; for the white streaked tulips growing
On the dexter side, where daffodils look like gamboge old maids;
And the margins all unshorn are, in the want of care bestowing,
And the gillie-flowers are rain-drenched, and their golden umber fades.

On the walls that meet the gate piers, changing leaves the ivy freckle,

And a white thorn throws its shadow on the pathway
where we stand;
And, two glorious oaks embracing, spangling sunbeams
sparkling speckle,
Where the foliage fails in shutting out the light on
either hand.

Now a splash of smalt or cobalt for the sky that backs
the griffin,
Looking much exasperated and remarkably unwell;
Mourning for his brother, missing! but as I must go to
tiffin,
With dark green and brown we'll fill up ere they ring
that tocsin bell.

So the aquarelle is finished, and cui bono? was the time,
in
Reproducing such a picture, worth the subject some
may ask,—
Yes, this scribbling, and this rhyming, and the grateful
thoughts that chime in
Are all votive to a loving face well worth a harder task.

———o———

COURTSHIP.

Au Revoir.

On her silken tresses,
On her forehead too;
On her cheeks warm crimson,
On her sweet lips true;

On each dazzling shoulder,
Where the opal dress
Folds towards her girdle,—
Leave a pure caress.

On her drooping eyelids,
Tempering the light
That shines too bright for parting—
Press a soft good night.

Close thine arms around her
Feel her dear heart beat,
Whilst her beauty's halo
Sheds its incense sweet.

Now swan necks entwining,
Kiss her white throat — so
Meets thine ear low murmuring
"'Tis time, dear love, to go."

———o———

CARTE DE VISITE.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN 1860.

Brown eyes, brown hair, a rich turban hat,
Throwing half shadow a black lace fall;
A mouth ever ready to let in the light
On notes of ivory evenly small.

Swan neck, tight bodice, sweet lips that part
With a wet coral freshness pleasant to see,
Where speech is a ripple of wavelets of sound
In joyous welcomings winning and free.

A tender, neat-gloved, warm little hand
Expressively, carefully laid in your own,
As something belonging, you understand,
To a heart beating under a maiden zone.

———o———

ONLY A KISS.

FACTI MANET GRATIA.

Only a kiss!
One among many,
Taken or given, resented, forgiven;

Requested and prized; denied and despised.

Here and there cometh one
Sometimes, not often,
A something to soften
The sorrows of Earth;
A well of sweet water
In a desert of dearth.
Oh! Youth who did crave it!
Oh! Damsel who gave it, in pure love up-springing:
To memory clinging,
Each will think of it fondly, from that day till Death.
Like wind of the South
As it plays o'er the flowers
In orient bowers,
So the balm of sweet breath
Touches lightly the mouth.

One ere the maiden is led to the altar;
A farewell, with God bless you!
In accents that falter;
While bridesmaids are calling,
And midst orange blossoms
Tear dew-drops are falling.

One in the eventide silently blessing;
A maiden on tip-toe her timid lips pressing
So faintly caressing:
A last gift of remembrance, of fondness a sign
Inspiring a semblance supremely Divine.
Yet only a kiss! One among millions
Billions and trillions, quadrillions quintillions,
Myriads of millions; in numberless count,
Defying amount.
Like wavelets of ocean
Their silver crests lifting,
Past numbering, drifting

To some unknown shore;
To and fro and unceasing
Till time is no more.

———o———

WITHERED FLOWERS.

Una Giustificazione.

O love beloved in early days!
Love of our inmost heart the core.
What says the Master in his lays?
True love is love for evermore!

Bee busy garnering of the past,
Sweet golden feast of memory's store:
A store that after death shall last,
For love is love for evermore!

Life's paths are strewn with petals frail,
By Time's dark tempests' hurrying roar:
The shatter'd leaves on Earth lie pale;
In Heaven is love for evermore!

Love changes like those leaflets blue
That once the maid's fond bosom wore:
Now withered forms, devoid of hue,
Yet holy deemed for evermore!

I could not cast the flowers away,
So dearly prized leng years before:
Their withered blossoms seemed to say
True love is love for evermore!

———o———

A CONSOLATION VALENTINE.

Dream of the sunny hours!
List not to the cold winds moan;
As the falling dying embers
Drop on the warm hearth stone.

Think of the hearts that loved thee
When the pulses of life were strong;
And Eros shall waft around thee
Soft notes of the old, old song.

Dream of the tiny sandals
That your hand so deftly laced;
Dream of the rustling garments
That the summer wind displaced;

Dream of the maiden tripping
To the tryst in the twilight cave,
As the sun's red orb was sinking
In the far off ocean wave.

Fancy the emerald meadows
Fringing the murmuring stream;
Where a silvery voice convinced thee
Love was not quite a dream.

Picture a roof of crystal!
Banks of camellias' bloom!
Where the cyclamen breathes its perfume
Till the stars peep through the gloom.

Where the softest and sweetest whisper,
That manhood ever can hear,
Came from a tremulous bosom
Through lips that were, ah! so near.

Dream on, till for sleep's oblivion
You kneel ere you go to rest;
For the visions of night are worthless;
Though life seems a dream at best.

ONE OF MANY.

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her season's pryde,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around:
Upon two brother's shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda; which on either side
Supported her like to their soveraine queene:

LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE VII. 34.

Παρθενικαί τ' ἀταλαὶ, νεοπενθέα θυμὸν ἔχουσαι
ΟΔΥΣΣΕΙΑΣ Λ. 39.

Old Winter grim,
With jealous grasp, held back the struggling May;
And bade the north winds on her natal day
Shed vapours dim;
And with sharp hail stones drive her village queens away.

Alas poor May!
Thy young brow wore no coronals of white;
We missed thy white arms tossing with delight
Where soft winds play;
And happy children's eyes brim with light laughter bright.

No flowering May!
Green hedges gladden'd not the passer by,
Lifting rich blossom to a turquois sky;
Filling the way
With sweetly perfumed thoughts of blissful summer nigh.

The skies are grey,
The black trees frown above the cowslips pale;
Blue hyacinths shudder in the algid gale;
And day by day
Patient in sorrow droop young lilies of the vale.

The oxlip fades;
The broad leaf'd chesnuts lift their bare cones lorn;
Love's kisses have not flushed the red May thorn.
In greensward glades
Young violets tearful eyes freeze in the wintry dawn.
In dusky nooks,
No smiling wood anemones are found;
Wind flowering, watching Oread haunted ground
With sideward looks
For trysting maids that wait in blissful love-spells bound.

Yet once May broke
From cramped old Winter's grasp, and filled the air
With grateful sense of gladness everywhere;
Till angry spoke
Fierce thunder, and far flashed the vivid lightning's glare.

Dark loomed the hills;
Dull leaden clouds burst into stormy rain;
And Winter dragged back poor drenched May again.
With shivering chills,
Killing the sweet wild flowers that decked her paths in vain.

And yet again
May scaped from feeble Winter's weakened hold;
And chased cloud shadows o'er the laughing wold;
While rose the strain
Of lavrocks soaring where gorse gleams with honied gold.

And up the slope
Of steep and rugged banks, by ocean's stream,
Where those deep yellow blossoms deepest gleam;
Like stars of hope
That watch at early morn the first bright orient beam.

Those happy hours!
May played around the cliff that Shakespear crowned

With echo never dying ; where the mound
Of Dover towers,
And Walmer's sentry steps his solitary round.

So fresh, so fair !
Sweet May runs giddy with delicious balm ;
And drinks long draughts of the cool sea breeze calm,
That fans her hair
And winds about her heart an incense breathing charm !

A violet haze
Hangs o'er the wavelet dimpled halcyon sea,
Through gorges green seen laughing placidly ;
While freshly plays
The zephyrs' briny breath upon the castled lea.

On sea and shore
Nature lay basking long in happy guise ;
Till evening came with tears and moaning sighs,
And woke the roar
That warns the nightly watch when angry storm waves rise.
The shingled beach,
Morosely torn by the complaining surge
Of greedy waves, groaned back its dismal dirge.
The Petrels' screech
Woke the vexed leaden morn on the far eastern verge.

In mute despair
Earth wept beneath the wintry storm clouds drear :
Wept for feared famine of the golden ear :
No hope was there,
And cowering nature shrank chilled with a ghastly fear !

At length the sun,
Nearing the tropic, rising fierce and high
Looks through the watery clouds with angry eye
On fallows dun ;
And casts a pitying ray where the drowned nestlings lie.

The shining leaves
From linden stems come forth in tenderest green;
And where May's gathered blossoms should have been,
By woodland eaves,
Now romping children roll in varnished king cups sheen.

The ambient light
Bids forth the insect race of gauzy wing;
The blackbird whistles and the linnets sing;
But hawthorns white,
From shrivelled buds, alas! no long pent odours fling!

Red roses bloom;
Day follows day, the golden sand runs fast,
Summer's rich glory o'er the earth is cast;
Joy scatters gloom,
And sister months glide on oblivious of the past.

So drift away
Fair souls of maidens on dark waves of time,
Bereft of hoped for love, and promised prime;
Like our lost May!
Upon whose tomb we lay this wreath of sorrowing rhyme.

Pallida Mors.

Sadly three maidens were sighing,
By the couch where a father lay dying,
Anxiously watching each breath;
Fainter and fainter the gleaming
Of light in those eyes that seem dreaming
In the filmy visions of death.

Piteously maidens are weeping
By that couch where a father lies sleeping,
The sleep that dispelleth all pain:
Holy and calm is his face,

Serenely has death taken place;
O daughters! from grieving refrain!

For the anguish and sorrow and dread,
Surrounding that tear bedewed bed,
Are hallowed by thoughts that dwell
Long, long in the minds of those
Who now look on his calm repose,
And who loved him in life so well.

Peace sits on the warrior's brow,
Anxiety leaveth him now
He sleepeth the sleep of the brave;
Nobly his duties were done;
From the torrid zone's bronzing Sun
He hath come to an English grave.

He defied the keen sabre's red stroke,
He emerged from the cannon's thick smoke,
He was spared from the bullet and shell;
Though wounded and down with the slain,
He rode foremost in battles again
Where his comrades by squadrons fell.

They have borne him away to the tomb,
Not under the cypress' gloom
With its shade like the dark black night;
But with peaceful seclusion around
Where the waving flowers abound
Where the sunshine falls warmly and bright.

Few escape from such fierce battle strife!
How few lead a nobler life!
For whom rings Fame's clarion so loudly?
For the officer brave and bold
Whose aim is bright honor, not gold;
Think of him, gratefully, proudly!

TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION.

Weep not, although her form is laid
Within that dreary tomb,
Which thy lorn spirit yearneth to
In nights of sleepless gloom;
A day of rest for those loved best,
May come, alas! too soon,
Yet if long suffering they are spared
God's mercy grants a boon.

The roses torn from garden bowers
A life of sweetness lose,
But richer than the growing flowers,
The fragrance they diffuse.
So parts the soul that only breathed
In piety and peace;
Shedding a holier influence when
Its earthly duties cease.

Fond memory clasps a portrait rare
Where undimmed virtues blend,
As truth's undying pencil paints
The mother, wife, and friend;
And to the mourners thus bereft
Bids consolation say—
"The hand that such a treasure lent
Now takes its own away."

———o———

EPITAPH IN THE CHURCHYARD AT WORTH, SUSSEX.

On John Alcorn, Clerk and Sexton.

Obiit 1868. Anno Ætatis 81.

"Time honored friend!—for fifty-three full years
He saw each bridal's joy, each burial's tears.
Within the walls by Saxons reared of old,

By the stone-sculptured font of antique mould,
Under the massive arches, in the glow
Tinged by dyed sun-beams, passing to and fro;
A sentient portion of the sacred place,
A worthy presence with a well-worn face.

The lych gate's shadow o'er his pall at last
Whispers adieu as poor old John goes past.
Unseen the path, the trees, the old oak door,
No more his footfalls touch the tomb-paved floor;
His silvery head is hid, his service done;
Of all those Sabbaths, absent only one.
And now, amid the graves he delved around,
He rests and sleeps beneath the hallowed ground.

———o———

CURIOUS OLD LATIN EPITAPH,

ON

NICHOLAS WHISTON, RECTOR OF WORTH, Obiit 1638.

Hic dolor hic infra Worthae decus accubat ingens
En: magis hoc tumulo Wortha Sepulta cubat
Nam quae vicinis modo claruit unica villis
Obruta pastoris funere Wortha jacet
Wortha jacet simili vix surrectura ministro
Vix iterum simili restituenda viro
Namque sub hoc uno tanta est conclusa sepulchro
Quanta solet virtus vivere quanta mori.

TRANSLATION.

Here grief supreme, here Worth's vast honor sleeps.
Or rather Worth herself sepultured weeps!
She, who of late outshone each hamlet near,
O'erwhelmed by her dear pastor's death moan's here,

How faint the hope again to rise and find
A priest so true, a man so good and kind;
In this one tomb enclosed so much of virtue lies.
As much as ever lives as much as ever dies.

Dirge.

Open the hall-door wide,
The lord of the castle is dead,
Time honored he lived and died;
Full fourscore years have sped,
Since first his infant craving cries
Gladdened a parent's breast,
Since he opened and closed his eyes
Hushed on a mother's breast.
Eighty winters have shed
Their snow on the mountain tops,
Eighty summers have spread
Their sunshine over the crops,
Over the hill side crops,
Over the crops of the plains,
Surrounding the wide domains,
Where he peacefully lived and died.

Open once more the door,
He goeth his guests before
To track an unseen road,
To cross, ah! never more,
The threshold of that abode!

The door is opened wide,
And the menials crowd the stair,
And solemnly side by side

The mourning relatives glide,
And sorrow sits everywhere.

A soul hath passed away.
Whither! who can say?
Only he whose name
Is not to be lightly spoken
Only he at whose word
Yon wheel at the well was broken.

Hark! the bell is tolling
With a wailing heart-throb sound
Sadly, gloomily, rolling
Over the dreary ground.

They have closed the old hall-door,
He hath gone his guests before;
Upon an unknown road;
To cross, ah! never more,
The threshold of that abode.
Like sunset over the western sea,
His spirit has sunk in Eternity;
Like sunlight afar o'er the distant main,
Fades the spirit to rise again.

PEARL.

A POETICAL REMINISCENCE.

"Sua benigna fortuna e'l viver lietro."

In a large drawing-room
Well toned with well judged colors, we had met:
Awaiting, as to me it seemed, the voice
That, trained to modulation soft should say—
"Dinner is served," But the silent door
Sprang open and a lady glided in,
Greeting, and greeted by, all warmly save myself;
Who, in the rear, far from the restless flame
That struggled in its cage of polished steel,
Was at the moment bending forehead down
Between two fair haired sisters.
The one who wore
A crimson fillet decked with golden stars
Was younger of the two: in feature queenly,
With royal eyes that for the most part wore
An unobservant look of quietude:
Yet oft, to friends well known, a fleeting glance
Of mirth, sly fun, or mischief, shot askance
Scarce espiègle, toujours sans reproche.

The other's look was difficult to read
As page of classic lore, that has its charm
In being, when so nearly understood,
Unguessable.
Or, as a work of art we look upon
Time after time, and try to read the thought
Depicted there, and baffled go again;
And in the puzzle like the picture more
Although denied its meaning.
And yet, when downright mirth made glee of heart,
Bright laughter shot from out those sparkling eyes

Like dew drops shook from roses: for at times,
Her cheeks flushed bloom as rich as Love's own rose.
As plays the light in bubbling beads of air,
In filling cup of amethyst held low
Neath the fresh outpour of a crystal spring,
So danced the laughter in her eyes at times.
In calmer moods,
Like halcyon lakes moved by the zephyrs breath,
Where blue rings changes with a silvery light;
Then, half a thought on the beholder's part
Piercing their azure in its search for grey,
Finds only there the shadowings of the blue.

And for that they were,
At times, like lucid depths of waveless sea,
Cold silent and inscrutable; and arched
By an expanding broad well pencilled brow;
And for as much as that her classic head,
Dressed in the period's fashion, shadowed forth
A helmet's form, we gave to her the name
GLAUCOPIS.

Ere the door
Had well swung back behind Augusta Mère,
Again it opened, with a dazzling flash
Like moving sunbeams from a mirror thrown;
And lo! beneath the diamond chandelier,
In the full fulgence of its brilliance, stood
A seraph form! a lovely fair haired child
Of ten sweet jasmine seasons. And the light
Poured, as she stood, into her lustrous hair
Of golden beauty; and illumed her eyes
And robes of floating texture cloudy white;
And dawn tinged cheeks and opening rose bud mouth
While from her satin streamers spoke a gleam
Of moonlight brightness in stalactite cave.

All kindred, or by birth or marriage, there.
In one large fauteuil's depths a grandma, warm
With robings soft of Autumn's mellow hues,
Smiled at a dear sweet pet upon her knee,
A child of twelve months: in dark velvet garb
Edged with some curious quaint old time-stained lace:
A contrast to the other's fleecy folds.

Full in the glow of the redhearted heat—
Chafing behind its bars of polished steel,
Many tongued, panting, flaring out its breath—
The elder child of brightness argentine
Sank down upon the hearth rug, on her knees
And kissed the babe; and seemed to worship it;
And as she knelt her satin'd feet were turned
Sole upwards, close joined pointing in the pile
Of the rug's gorgeous rich wrought flowery sheen.
And she seemed
A little cloud wrapt angel on the floor
Kneeling in adoration of the babe.

Lady Augusta had this only girl;
And being lonely in her widowhood,
Her son then absent with his troop abroad,
Used to have with her as she sat at meals
Her sweet young child for company; and so
We, all proceeding to the dining-room,
Took with us little Pearl.

But soon, ere well the varied entries all
Had made their rounds, the shining little Pearl,
Enthroned by her mamma, slid from the chair
And like a streak of moonlight disappeared;
While darkness seemed to gather round the door.

After the music—we were breaking up,
When Pearl's mamma, in wishing all good night,
Made me well pleased to hear her kindly say

She should be happy, if I thought it well,
With others present, at her house to share
The morrow's luncheon.
So next morn we went
Out for a rambling walk, and scattered wide,
Some one road some another.
I with the Rector strolled down to the beach
And gazed upon the sea of rippling waves;
Where one lone ship was sailing, far away,
Towards the edge of the segmental curve
Whose darkened line divided sky from sea.

In the midst, above, in the full south
The sun was struggling through the smoky clouds
Central towards us. Very wan his beams
Of dull thick yellow, fighting the obscure.
While, from behind the shapes of lurid cloud,
Shot down a streaming flood of wondrous light
Upon the rippling wavelet's silvery points;
Marking a path, between us and the ship,
Along the restless sea, that gleamed and shone
And sparkled with a dazzling glittering light
Of almost blinding brightness. But around
The waves were dark with shades of opal grey;
Dull grey the sky; except where near the sun
The foggy clouds were growing edged with pearl.
And then we thought upon the child, and talked
Of her, as some pure heaven reflected soul
Shining amid the waste of world around:
And how the silvery light upon the sea
Symboled the pathways of the saints in heaven.

Then we turned landward to Augusta's home—
A noble mansion—and we found her there
Awaiting us, and with her was the child
In robe of pink with border of white fur:
Both in a spacious, airy, pleasant room

With oriel window looking down upon
A well trimmed winter garden. On the right
Spread a side view of everlasting sea,
And here, returning from our rambling walks,
Our scattered party met again; first one,
Another, then a third, and then two more.
And there was talking much, and laughter low,
Chiefly from the GLAUCOPIS.

Soon we went chattering to the dining-room:
That also gave a side view of the sea,
And ended in a window's deep recess,
Across the breadth of which was placed a vast
Scroll-ended lounging sofa couch.

Around the luncheon table we were seven.
As president, with back towards the light
Augusta charming sat. And opposite
Brave uncle Fred was made her vis-à-vis.
And as she sat thus at the board, and looked
Over the brilliance on the table's snow
Towards her guests in turn, her grace was such
As charms in Princess at a royal feast.
Two neatly costumed maids attended us
And deftly did their duty, poured the wine
And handed round the offerings of all things
Most delicate, and choice, for all we saw
Marked the supremacy of haute cuisine.
Pearl sat in silence, near me on the left:
A perfect little lady. When the maids
Withdrew, and all were chatting pleasantly,
The child slid from her chair, and, gliding round
Towards the window, touched the sofa scroll
With her right hand, and took a little vault,
And perched upon the scroll; and seated there,
With feet in air downhanging, turned her head
Over her shoulder, and with wondering gaze

Looked oceanwards; seeming as if her thoughts
Read something in the restless tossing sea.

Anon, she turned about, and swinging round
Her rounded legs in hose of tender grey:
Like summer shadows on white marble thrown:
Twined and untwined her twinkling slippered feet.
Then, with bird-like volition, hopping down—
Aided by left-hand spring—flew straight away
Out at the door; but soon returned
To sit beside me, with a life-sized doll.
And this, Pearl, very gravely, nursed with care;
Holding the thing upon her knee, and putting back
The curls from off the waxen face; and all
As if the image were endued with sense;
And just as one mature would tend a babe;
So, gracefully, Pearl nursed the blue-eyed doll.
Soon running round to her mamma she gave
The doll to her, and took another perch,
And turning on the scroll looked forth again!
And then departed with her charge. But none
Were glad the child was gone, for she had seemed
Much like a sunbeam in the cheerful room;
Not troublesome, but showing pleasantly
As something which held joy within itself.

After the signalled pushing back of chairs,
Secession of the ladies had its course:
And suddenly the conversation turned
Upon our hostess and her charming ways.
And each one wondered why she had so long
Refrained from breaking from her widowhood;
And so we praised her! till 'twas time to go:
And lounging out, by chance espied a door
Half open—and thus caught a glimpse
Of a pink robe with border of white fur,
And in we went, for it was Pearl's own room

Where easy reigned Pearl's gentle governess.
There, from the ceiling, o'er the table's edge,
Was slung some misletoe; and as the child
Stood showing us her pictures and her books,
I placed my hands upon her little arms
And stooped to kiss her; saying "Little Pearl,
Beneath the berries white you now are caught."
But 'ere the words were uttered, the dear child
Had turned her blossom cheek to meet the kiss
Half way, in guilelessness of childhood's love:
Taught by some innate chord of sympathy;
The laying on of hands was fondly done,
And meant caressingly; and was indeed
A part of the caress, a sign of love,
A seeking of love's token from the child.

Fred and the Rector followed suite. And thus
Three bearded men were happy kissing Pearl
Under the misletoe in her own room.
And two of these
More than half-century old! Some few there are
Whose hearts grow never aged: such those who wear
The amaranth amulet of sacred love
Clasped in undying earnestness of thought.

A gentle rustling, and the stirring breath
Of mingled perfume with the fluttering
Of drifting silken garments; and the light
Susurrus of sweet voices gathering,
To take departure!
And we said adieu!
But,—while passing onward through the hall,
Taking our hats, there shone, far back above,
Over the balustrade, a sunny face!
And skimming swiftly down, Camilla like,
Whose step so lightly flew o'er waving corn,
Nor bent the golden ear—midward, again,

Fluttered our hostess; with more final words
For QUEENIE and GLAUCOPIS. Then, with sweet smile,
Once more shook hands, and we all went away.

Some hands there are we meet in courtesy,
That, the first moment, come unto our own
Like music's unisons upon the ear!
And a mesmeric voiceless influence
Winds round its magical and occult chain;
Encircling hearts with bonds of sympathy,
Inexplicable as the magnet power
That points the needle to the arctic pole
In line with the antarctic.
Such claspings touch a chord
Whose trembling harmony shall vibrate long;
Stirring with eager longings soon again
To grasp the fingers of that self same hand:
To hold again that little hand: although
It gave no answering pressure that the sense
Could claim distinctly; yet, while it remained,
Lingering, absorbent seemed in grasp of yours.
Nor self withdrawn. And when released, still left
A wildering arrière pensée: that perforce
Suggests itself all ways in tangling dreams,
Dissolving like the zenith cloudlet's glow
That melts but to give way to other hues.
Thus, memory's crowding fancies come and go;
Recalling syllables to shape out words
Vague but all converse to dislike and hate.
Incessant changings to imperfect shapes;
Wraith forms of cloud of incense-breath of hope;
Aweary wanderings of uncertain thought
That clingeth like the odour of past flowers.

Stay barque that drifteth sideways to the marge
Of other realms of phantasy!—this freight
May ne'er see haven!—yet, and if it should

By course digressive tend there, and perchance
Be looked upon, it will not be despised:
But be accepted, or rejected, as
A part of faëry cargo unconsigned.

And now, for colophon,
With loving thoughts to all remembered here,—
With that regard to honoured hostess due,—
Let the poetic dreamer plainly say—
Such was not her's to the unworthy hand,
Though loyal in all truth that guides these lines.
The reminiscence that our hostess left
Was purely friendship: her hands impress said
Frankly and kindly—

Welcome!
and
Adieu!

———o———

ELSIE.

Come here, little Elsie, pleasant and plump
To toss in the air, I'll give you a jump;
Up you go pretty!
There, in your rather surprised looking face
A comical look of dismay takes place,
Causing this ditty.

Just the right age to be dandled about;
Mouth that meets mine with a sensitive pout
Giving fair measure;
Healthy embodiment rosy and fresh,
A cherubin modeled in Earthly flesh,
Love's token-treasure.

Sweeter than flowers those infantine lips,
Sweeter than any the golden bee sips.
Tiny endearer

While up aloft I hold you darling love,
Your little life to that kingdom above
Is drawing me nearer!

CASSA NUX.

EPISODICAL.

"*Like a lily on a river floating*
She floats upon the river of his thoughts."

LONGFELLOW'S SPANISH STUDENT. Act ii. Sc. 3.

In a room, with rich oak carven walls,
Is seated a picturesque group
Round a table that glitters with crystal and white,
And silver chased flagon and stoup.

Mild beer, with the coachmen and grooms
In their region is passing around;
And our guests, now assembled the luncheon to share,
On a nutting excursion are bound,

Soon coquettishly, hats are replaced;
From the cream of champagne scarcely dry
Softened lips laugh at baskets and hooks,
And all haste to the hazel woods nigh.

To scatter and wander about
In groups, where the rides have been trimmed;
And the sun, mixing sparkle and shade,
Bits of beautiful painting has limned.

Captain Launce and the fair Lady Grace
Missed the path on the verge of the park;
They lost their way down by the bridge,
And have wandered far wide of the mark:

Hidden low in a deep silver track,
Where the sand banks are rugged and high,
And the blossoming heather and gorse
Burn with joy 'neath a bright azure sky.

What need for a movement so slow,
Or questions for answers with eyes
That respond with a side darting glance!
Dares he think he could win such a prize!

He, the wreck of a storm driven weed!
Yet that maid of so noble a race
Oft hath caused him to say in his heart—
Your moods show you love me, dear Grace.

Now she rests on a green mossy knoll;
Unseen he is grasping her dress:
Ah! she dreads the emotion he feels
And is struggling for means to express.

One touch of those gloved finger tips
On his wrist, as he lies at her feet—
Would bring vows she is longing to hear;
Yet she keeps like stone idol her seat.

Hark! merry young voices are near,
And others their gatherings bring.
"Lady Grace! not a nut"; young Cissy adds, "O,
You atrociously lazy thing!

And how could you permit him to smoke?
Look! the Dowager 's coming this way!
Come, get up, and aid us with tripod and fire:
We take tea like the gipsies to-day."

So the thoughts that he fain would have told
Were scorched up in his écume-de-mer;
And a craving will live in the hearts of both;
Perchance, for at least a year.

Or, it may be those faint blue wreaths—
As they curled in the calm air cool,
And went sailing away—just saved that man
From making himself a fool!

———o———

GILPIAN.

Two morning tickets for the stalls,—
A pale pink programme smelling sweetly,—
The Egyptian and St. George's Halls,—
A water pic-nic,—lost completely.

Of acquerelles a hasty view.
A subaltern—released from duty,
By chance in charge alone of you—
With some artistic taste for beauty.

Armeniac bloom, is on those cheeks,
That holds the mid-day solar glowing;
Life's ruddy under current speaks
Descent from Spanish lineage flowing.

The morning gloomed with threats of rain,
Then melted into smiling weather;
Poor Loulou in neuralgic pain:
And both constrained to start together.

His Clarence drew up at the door,
Your butler welcomed him austerely;
The rest had all gone on before,
His watch had lost an hour, nearly.

Mirrors are awkward, as you say,
Too closely he admired your bonnet;
And dear old Loulou looked distrait
About the pollen scatter'd on it.

A charming picture there was framed:
Your not unwilling face upturning
In pretty pose—who could be blamed?
Did you observe her cheeks were burning?

A vis-a-vis suburban drive,
For Sunbury the nearest station;
Fate ruled too late you should arrive,
Much to your great dis-consolation.

Ripe strawberries with cream quite new.
It must be nice to be so eaten:
By Singapore's red-coral hue
The fruit in rivalry was beaten.

The cavalry in splendid force!
The village green a scene delightful;
A pity t'was the dark grey horse
Thought military music frightful.

That little scaring ne'ertheless
Made sweet to one the trumpets ringing;
It brought you with a half caress
So kindly close in terror clinging.

Some say your menu was a myth;
The lobster cutlets quaint devices,
The suprême, and the soubise with
Champagne and macedoine and ices.

Conflicting the imbroglio, quite,
Concerning General Sabreur's nieces:
But laughter whether wrong or right
Will shake a card-built house to pieces.

And yet 'tis neither kind nor fair
To doubt such *lucid explanations*,
That Lady Blanche declared they were
Kaleidoscopic combinations.

N'importe, it was a day of days,
For both a source of pure reflection;
Where, like far summer lightning, plays
A glimmering thought of deep affection.

———o———

OUR CROQUET CLUB.

Each style of beauty flourishes there!
Brunettes and fairest of all the fair;
Recherchés heads of wonderful hair;
And eyes of a softness extremely rare.
Croquet
Is so pleasant to play,
Quelquefois
When the sky is turquois,
And ladies are chatty and toilettes are gay.

In the restless shade of tremulous trees
Moved by the sweetly odorous breeze,
On a tapis vert of the greenest grass
Gracefully gliding partners pass.
Croquet
Is so pleasant to play,
Quelquefois
When the sky is turquois,
And the white moon looks out on the long summer day.

Under the screen of the greenwood tree
White hands will sweeten delicious tea,
Or claret cup cool with large crystals of ice
May meet your views of decidedly nice.
Croquet
Is so pleasant to play,
Quelquefois
When the sky is turquois
You may find it refreshing your thirst to allay!

The orchard fruits so lusciously bright
Glow in the sunset's mellowing light,
While purple mists are gathering round,
And farther the long shadows streak the ground.
Croquet
Is so pleasant to play,
When the deep golden sunset is closing the day.

Slow falls the dusky twilight's veil,
The stillness of evening tells its tale:
Il faut partir!—with some the bidding good night
Seems hard to achieve in the failing light.
Croquet
Is so pleasant to play,
When ladies are chatty and toilettes are gay.

———o———

CHIAREZZA.

Died at Jamaica December 19, 1874.

Here and There.

Tears to her memory!
Here, ours are falling;
All her heart's goodness
And sunshine recalling.

"Sunshine" we named her!
Bright and so pleasant.
Sunshine played round us
When she was present!

Adored by her husband.
Among friends so many,
Never a harsh word
Had she for any.

Shall I say to him?—
Steeped now in sorrow—

"Life is to-day here,
And Death is its morrow.

I shall be going,
Soon, where she's gone!
Bear up, I'll tell her
That, you're coming on."

Tropical flowerets
Bloom o'er her grave,
Freshened by breezes
From Mexico's wave.

Tears to her memory!
His there are falling:
All her heart's goodness
And sunshine recalling.

———o———

AD CÆCILIUM.

Many pleasant hours we have passed together:
In the silver lamp light, heedless of the weather,
When from arduous duty loosened was the tether
Tendit Apollo.

Jolliest of parties at the Plymouth races:
Strolling down an avenue of fascinating faces,
Whose smiling looks make Devonshire the pleasantest
of places. Ludit imago.

Fathomless blue eyes beside a violet ocean,
Looking o'er the hyaline with a charmed emotion,
You at least appreciate such beauty I've a notion.
Dulce loquentem.

Dark Devonian maidens exquisitely lissom;
Lips of moistened coral—seen through love's gay prism;
Glorious blooming cheeks—how the warm sun loved to
kiss 'em! Juppiter urgens.

Very pleasant truly was that same regatta;
Bands of choicest music, liveliest of chatter,
Popping of champagne corks, and amid the clatter
Jocus et Amor.

Clever are the criticisms from thy pen imperial,
Pointing out the best of all readable material;
Nowise over praising a chaff-choked silly serial:
Auctor triformis.

Handsome in appearance, firm but ferocious,
Good in classic scholarship, ripe grown not precocious;
Equally at home with Rabelais or Grotius,
Et decus omne.

Charming verse you give us in magazine or paper;
Never indicating smell of midnight taper:
Elegantly light is thy muse's choric caper;
Hinc tibi plausus.

Thank you for the Idylls, their music sweet is ringing
With delicious cadences of later summer singing;
Around the reader's heart with more sweet desire clinging
Carpere flores.

Fancy paints thee flower crowned, robed as youthful Teïan
With golden lute reclining, while some fair Cytheræan
Steers thy classic prow o'er the purple waved Ægæan,
Astra refulgens.

Non nobis solum.*

Lion of Paddockhurst! loyal and true,
Noble of heart and none sincerer!
We saw him restored to health that day,
As we watched the light from the Yule log play
On the gold of the old Madeira!

Large of heart and lavish of hand,
A princely income nobly spending;
A Duke's domain where the woodlands deep
And curving downs to the sea are bending.

A stone built mansion of Tudor style,
Its site on a hill-side well selected:
A scroll at the entrance in latin says—
*"Not alone for us were these halls erected".

Reception rooms superbly wrought,
Enriched from floor to embellished ceiling.
Paintings of every kind, and books,
All telling of true æsthetic feeling.

Horses for hunting, and game galore!
Plenty of woodcock and snipe and pheasants,
And a jovial Horkey every year
To scores of retainers and sturdy peasants.

Royal in gifts to church and schools,
Righteous charity freely bestowing;
For joy to many a poor man's home
From his generous soul is ever flowing.

Old English Gentleman! loyal and true,
Noble of heart and none sincerer!
May we drink his good health for many a day,
Whether the flames on the Yule log play
Or the sun gilds the old Madeira.

1874.

———o———

EFFINGHAM.

GERM SHADOWS.

Little Mabel, five and a half!
Meets me not with a merry laugh;
Her childish smile, au serieux,
Seems to say, "I love only you."

Beams a sunny light on her face;
There a placid content we trace:
So very happy seems she now.
Have not known her a month, I vow!

Little Mabel leads me about
As if I were hers beyond all doubt;
Proudly erect she walks in glee:
Who so merry as Mabel with me!

We choose the pathway Mabel loves;
We coax and fondle her own pet doves;
We feed the peacock; and take our stand
By big dog Cæsar, who licks my hand.

At the lawn party crowded and gay,
Mabel with no one else would stay;
Under the red-striped awnings there
Little fingers played with my hair.

"Come to the fernery," Mabel said,
Holding my hand—the young child led:
By the tank's marge where shade was sweet
Little Mabel stood at my feet.

On a gnarled root I take my place
As Mabel bids me; with upturned face
Clasping my knees, "Come see," quoth she,
"Where the lightning has killed the tree."

Grouped with others we sit reclined,
Round my shoulder her small arms twined:
Some one says, with a jesting smile,
"'Tis with love powder you beguile."

* * * * * *

Little Mabel, when I am dead,
And many a summer's leaves are shed,
Time will have taught you—maiden or wife—
These are germ shadows of after life.

UNLOVED OF ALL.

Scornful ladies, mirth creating, with your mouths of
downward curve;
Sniff the air if 'tis your pleasure from our pathway as
you swerve.
It is hard to live uncared for, doubtless you can feel the
sting;
Yet a greater pain upon you self conceit will surely
bring.
Are you best of all Eve's daughters! is the clay of finer
mould!
Is your lip of tenderer softness! or your hair of sunnier
gold!
That you thus disdainful scatter seeds of enmity around
Where the precincts of your presence vanity deems
hallowed ground.
None like you are worth a love thought, such are only
sent as foils
To the brighter sweeter dear ones. Vainly do ye set
your toils,
They all fail; ah! well ye know it: where exclusiveness
prevails
It shuts out the mountain climbers with the dwellers in
the vales.
Woman should cling to her mission, she was sent to
sweeten life,
Whether sister friend or daughter fiancée or loving wife.
Hateful are the acid hearted, sour in aspect or in tongue;
Never for their sake have poets numbers tuned or verses
sung;
Save when in remorseless rancour sharp the biting
accents fall,
Or when pity gives her verdict in the words "unloved
of all."

DIX PETITS GARCONS NOIRS.

Dix petits nè-gres
Suivis par un bœuf ;
Un passa à la lune, et
Donc ils restaient neuf.

Neuf petits trembleurs
Courent un peu trop vite :
Un perit faute d'haleine, et
Donc restaient huit.

CHORUS.

Un petit, deux petits, trois petits, quatre petits, cinq petits, garcons noirs ;
Six petits, sept petits, huit petits, neuf petits, dix petits garcons noirs.

Huit petits nè-gres
Aiment Elizabeth,
Un mourut d'envie et
Elle epousa sept.

Sept petits pauvres, leur
Femme si cockatrice,
Egorge un par jalousie
Et cherit six.

CHORUS.

Ces enfants noirs, des
Habits toujours manquent.
Un perit dans l'hiver et
Lui deploraient cinq.

Cinq petits frères, le
Plus opiniâtre
S'etrangla d'argument, et
Furent heureux quatre.

CHORUS.

Quatre petits maris
Nageants à la fois,
La crampe en saisit un, et
Laissa seulement trois.

Trois petits tuent leur
Femme, qu'ils n'aimaient plus ;
Le Diable prenait un,—
En re-gardant deux !

CHORUS.

Antropophages deux,
Pour leurs frères en deuil ;
L'un mangea l'autre afin
De demeurer seul.

Seul pauvre mechant
Assis sur le feu,
Des feux d'artifices en poche ! ! !
Tout disparu ! ! ! ! !

CHORUS.

Et voila la fin de la veritable historire de ces pauvres enfants noirs, c'est à dire de—un petit, deux petits, &c.

———o———

EPITAPH.

ON A FAVORITE OLD PONY.

In such a case, of course, all sorrows vain—he's
Gone to his rest, so peace unto his Manes.
A clever pony ; coachman said " a stunner "
And groom lads murmured " ah ! he was a one-er !"
In spirits lively ; wincing like a colt,
Ready to shy, or prance, kick, bite, or bolt.
Among his detestations was a gun,
Away from which he always tried to run.

His temperament was nervous, any sound
However slight, if sudden, made him bound!
To keep upon his back was hard when he
Heard you ignite a match or a fusee.
To harness him was difficult, he fought
Against all strangers as he did'nt ought.
And when small village boys, to hold him tight,
Stood at his head his pleasure was to bite!
When taken to a Meet, he'd upwards flare,
His favorite attitudes were in the air;
Like Pegasus he seemed to scorn the ground;
Rearing erect and jumping quickly round:
So fond he was of standing up quite straight
And taking observations in that state!
Pawing the air, on his hind legs erect,
Producing on some people great effect.
Yet, notwithstanding these few naughty ways,
Jack was a pony worthy of great praise;
Extremely handsome; with the prettiest head!
And legs unquestionably thorough bred.
He liked the ladies, and his thoughful mind
Led him to their small terrors to be kind;
And, when he found them very much perplexed,
Behaved much better than one might expect.
Another pony comes his place to fill;
Yet Jackie dies not "admirari nil."
Never again, for me he'll patient stand;
Or eat ripe maize corn from my open hand:
He wants no more; yet, these few words of chaff,
An old friend gives him for an epitaph.
He worked well to the last, and many here
For poor old Jackie scarce restrained a tear.

Worth Rectory, March, 1873.

TACITUS TONSOR.

A wonder! yea a wonder! shall I ever cease to wonder
At the prodigy I met with just about a week ago?
My hair was getting ragged, all the points were split and jagged,
And the wind in an unseemly manner blew it to and fro.

I dislike the operation of hair cutters' ministration;
Their persistent empty chatter is a horror to me quite,
Makes me angry beyond measure, I could punch their heads with pleasure,
If a jury would consider I was only acting right.

While the Tichborne case was growing, a smart shaver very knowing
As he trimmed my whiskers said, "of course Sir you conclude he is the man
Nearly drownded in the Bella, and for many years a dweller
In Australia." Ah, then said I—"believe it if you can.

It is monstrous altogether, ask yourself now really whether
You could quite forget your mother tongue in ten years spent abroad."
He answered "yes, sir—truly—if such things are well and duly
Reconsidered, doubtless—different conclusions should be drawed."

My friend Adolpus Dunny, in manner sly and funny,
Made a coiffeur contradict himself three times,—while being clipped—
The result though was not cheering, for the coiffeur kept on shearing
Until from Dunny's head the hair entirely was snipped.

I have read in Greek a story, how some grave Athenian
hoary—
Questioned by a chattering koreus, who his nose did
gently seize,
Asking—"how or in what fashion he should shave
him"—said with passion
And with accent unmistakable—"in silence if you
please".

As my hair was getting longer, the resolve at last grew
stronger
And I entered in desponding mood an operator's door;
Prepared for the infliction on my brain without re-
striction
Of the everlasting irksome gabble heard so oft before.

Astonished beyond measure at experiencing a pleasure;
I listened to his scissors' click;—he spoke not till at last
My surprise was undiminished, when he told me he had
finished;
And I own upon that little man I really looked aghast!

In memoriam inditing, these few lines I now am writing
On the conduct of a coiffeur hitherto unknown to fame;
At times he was loquacious—but this tale is quite
veracious;
I shall never meet his fellow!—Alfred Dawson was his
name.

———o———

TAKE AWAY THE LADY.

"Good madonna give me leave to prove you a fool."
TWELFTH NIGHT. Act 1. S. v.

You were going to call him a fool!
So your pettishness said, to his head.
No need, he knew it! indeed
While thinking of you, it was true.
Now a bumper he's filling to quaff

To your health with a slight mocking laugh.
Women can be so curiously cruel!
Now the fire you kindled consumes
In your bosom the fuel.
Your lover will easily find,
Elsewhere, others as fair
And perhaps rather more to his mind.

I have just now been reading old Browning:
Weariness drowning
In the depths of an old easy chair;
In my book crowded lair,
Where the dust covered busts on me stare.

Would you think Robert Browning a fool?
When he wrote with such bliss
Of the moth's and bee's kiss?
Earnest lovers a pair
In a gondola gliding
To a dim water stair;
Where a bravo is hiding!
Soon, a crimson pool, wells from the breast
To her's lately prest.
While he struggles in vain,
Her hair's beauteous tress,
To remove from the stain:
As he dies with his last caress.

So triflingly cool!
A mental superior, you remotely inferior
Hesitate not to designate fool!
Deficient indeed not to know it:
Can you knowledge receive?
If so, try and believe that most people perceive
Some ichor divine in a poet.
Listen
Loving beauty in every form

Eyes glisten;
Thought eager, soul warm;
The sum of his greatest desire
Is to worship, to love and admire.
Anacreon, Ovid, Catullus
Would belong to the schools
Of your very old fools!
Whose ideas were by no means facetious!
Yet we turn o'er their pages to lull us;
Dreaming dreams in the sweet summer air
In the shelter away from the glare.
Of Eros the darts
Had long tortured their hearts
Ere they gave out their love-lays so specious.
And many a loved classic lady, a
Pride did discover, in teasing her lover
Ere Sappho fell down from Leucadia.

From that ancient myth—
As we read it to-day—
Time perhaps may have eaten the pith
Half away.

Who knows but that Sappho used Phaon
At first his strong feelings to play on!
And thought it a joke to be gay on.
If a lover be zealous,
What fun, make him jealous!
Or, vow kind, cling and please;
Then torture and tease;
Keep cool!
Till you see him depart
With scorn in his heart.
When he has gone, your weeds you put on;
In your lonely grief, Pride the only relief!
Then, my sweet one, pray which is the fool!
Good madonna dear, which is the fool?

ICONOGRAPHY OF WELLS CATHEDRAL.

By Charles Robert Cockerell, R.A., London & Oxford 1857.

R. C. versus R. A.

Cock-a-rell on ze Cathedral Church at Vells
About ze figures some strange stories tells;
Vy zey vere set up one beside ze ozère
How zis an uncles had and zat a mozère:
How ze crusader zère as some suppose
Vas not Dean Svift but Robert de Courthose.
Zis book one day our dear friend Planché got
Into his learned fist, and likes a shot
By force of reasonings smash him on ze spot.
Ah! Monsieur Cock-a-rell,
If truze be in a vell
It is not in your Vells;
And if ze volume sells,
As per-haps it may,
Cést toujours vrai
Zat doubtlessly it sells
To zose who for it pay;
Mais tout le monde ne sait
Que le Professeur d' architecture R. A.
A été
Par le Rouge Croix
en verité,
Planchéié.

———o———

A WIVAW WHYME.

"Bleth uth, whoth thith!" Ford. The lady's trial.

"He lisped in numbers."—Life of Pope.

Thailing on the bwimming wivaw,
Widing on ith wippling wavth,
Where thweet honeythuckle bweatheth,
And gween gwaththy lawnth it lavth;

Weclined on cuthionth thoft, and thteawing
  Evewy way ekthept the wight,
Beauteouth, wich Mith Tharah Thimpthon
  Enthwalth my thoul with chawmth tho bwight !

Ath a blue thtocking thhe boathteth
  Thhe hath witten whymeth in weamth ;
And the Hewaldth pageth witneth
  Thome of her thelethtial dweamth.
Thchitht thhe talkth of and magnethian,
  Vewy puththling wordth they theem ;
But while I thip Baththe or Allthopp,
  Thhe dwinkth the pure Cathtalian thtweam.

" Woll on ! woll on ! thweet thilvewy waterth ! "
  (Thuth apothtwophitheth thhe)
" Thwiftly woll, thou wethtleth wivaw !
  Huwwying to the dithtant thea :
Gwand, tewific, woawing othean !
  Thtawmy, dweadful, fuwiouth thea !
Thtill the thame and evwelathting,
  Thimilaw to etwawnity."

On the thunny thtweam thlow thailing,
  Thuth Mith Tharah Thimpthon thpoke ;
Thhe theathed, and thoon thome laththeth thinging
  And fiddelth the thoft thilenth bwoke.
On a thudden—" Whaw the dickenth
  Be you thteawing ? "—thome one thwoa :
We capthithed, and gwathiouth goodneth
  Alone knowth how we gained the thoa !

NE QUID SIMILE FECERIS.

How very nice—to meet young Ella,
Very nice indeed!
How pleasant now—to stroll with Ella,
In the stream-side mead.

How nice 't would be to pat fair Ella,
On her dainty cheek:
Excessively—to dance with Ella,
And of love to speak.

It would be nice—to fondle Ella,
Make her quite a pet:
Extremely nice—entwining Ella
In love's fairy net;

And then—to kiss the little Ella?
Yet it might be well
Not to do so,—for young Ella,
Perhaps, might kiss and tell.

———o———

CHUBB'S HOTEL.

Good wine needs no bush.

Should you visit Plymouth,
Good advice don't snub,
If you wish for comfort
Go to Mr. Chubb.

Genuine wine and welcome,
Junket, Syllabub:—
Milk of human kindness
Creams in Mrs. Chubb.

Luxury of cuisine—
Quite a west-end club

You will find, believe me,
In the halls of Chubb.

Ionian Island Vintners
Still hang out the shrub,
The proverb's true, though musty,
So no sign hath Chubb.

Friends in fair Devonia!
Thus I roll my tub
With all who've stayed, en passant,
At the house of Chubb.

Down Channel, 1860.

———o———

PLYMOUTH SOUND.

Rocky Plymouth's a pleasant old town,
Than Brighton or Ramsgate much funnier;
Though the rain does come frequently down,
You'll scarce find a watering place sunnier.

For the sunshine secedes from the skies,
To be joyously radiant much nearer,
In the lustre of beautiful eyes,
Than all others far sweeter and dearer.

Creamy Devon's lithe daughters are kind,
They possess a remarkable grace, too;
To agaceries not disinclined,
And so naïvely they look in your face, too.

You may hunt, shoot, fish, race, sketch, or row,
Or go witness the August regatta,
From a picturesque height called the Hoe,
All alive with tents, music and chatter.

Where the wind plays at romps on the wold,
Whistling wildly about ladies' tresses,

Or confusingly rustling each fold
Of rich perfumed voluminous dresses.

Had Ulysses such Sirens been near
Ere fate tossed him about in his ship so,
To my mind 'tis exceedingly clear
He would not have gone on to Calypso.

H. M. S. Rattler, 1862.

———o———

IN PARIS AFTER SEDAN.

A SLIGHT INCONSISTENCY.

In Paris of late both the women and men
Are effacing each sign of the capital N;
The Bees of the dynasty too they destroy;
And heraldic displacement is mischief's employ.
Will they be quite consistent and so not refrain
From casting the coinage all into the Seine!
Ah! Gamins! while on it those features remain,
You have not one half done what you strive to attain.

———o———

HIBERNICÈ.

KEEP ON NEVER MINDING.

When malice is railing
And honor assailing,
'Tis made unavailing,
By silent contempt:

The good and the holy,
The high-born or lowly,
May not escape wholly
From envy exempt.

To scandalization
And vituperation,

You bring "botheration"
By holding your tongue;

"Keep on never minding"
Such chatter-mill grinding,
Soon, soon "you'll be finding"
The changes are rung.

Though wretched dogs, straying,
The moon are heard baying,
Their bad taste displaying
In discord so vile;

Not heeding their bluster,—
Where stars brightly cluster,
The moon in calm lustre
Continues to smile.

———o———

WHAT IS SPECIAL PLEADING?

The special pleader
Is deemed a seceder
From the broad fair field of facts:
With logic he uses an axe!
The body of truth he disjoints;
And picks out for himself certain points.
By means of thin talk,
He endeavours to balk
His opponents of fair play, a jewel
That he fain would calcine, but the fuel
He uses creates only smoke!
And the wise cough and laugh at the joke.
In the minds of the sensible
He is thought reprehensible;
Though he may delude bucolic folk.

AD ALEXANDROVNAM, DE NIVE QUÆ CECIDIT DUM CONJUX DOMUM DUCEBAT.

"Anglia te festo hoc Hymenæâ voce salutat,
Regalis stirpis regia nupta, die;
Et niveo gaudens sese vestivit amictu,
Ut patriæ credas litus adesse tuæ."

THE PRESS, April 18.

ON THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH'S RECEPTION IN LONDON, MARCH 12TH, 1874.

Translation.

With Hymeneal joy a nation greets thee
Welcome, beloved bride of royal race.
The country clothed in snowy vesture meets thee,
That thou mayst take it for thy native place!

AIMÉE.

A maiden gentle fair and kind,
Will you say that Love is blind!
Giving to you on her part,
The incense of a loving heart?
Amy, always loved of all,
One bright day, said not—nay;
But responded to love's call:
So we say—Fiancée
Now should write her name Aimée.

Happy man who on the brink
Of love's fountain leans to drink;
Of the deeper light that lies
In the depths of mirthful eyes.
Amy, always loved of all,
Blusheth red at Hymen's call!

So we say—Fiancée
Now should write her name Aimée.

In fancy's ear the chime bells ring:
Cadences of joy they bring,
Telling all the country round
Of the treasure thou hast found.
Amy always loved of all,
To the Altar joy bells call.

Worthy art thou friend of mine
Of a heart so purely thine.
Love the rhymer for his rhyme;
Love each other through all time;
And remember from this day
Ever she must be Aimée.

———o———

HERO SŒPE PETENTE.

A last adieu! no thought of you
Can make his heart beat high;
No more thy silvery Siren tones
The founts of sorrow dry:
When hope was strong, he loved thee long
To grasp but idle dreams
In wasted hours, where myrtle flowers
Fell fast by whimpling streams.

There came a day, he kissed thy brow
In parting's bitter pain:—
Why Hero since so oft hast thou
Held up the torch again?
Only to greet him at thy feet,
With lips compressed and cold;
And hear without one pitying glance
The old old tale re-told.

Time reads thy fate—now, 'tis too late,
When Winter's noon is nigh,
To look for flowers whose perfume showers
Made sweet fair Summer's sigh,
Red Autumn's sheaves, the flying leaves,
The ripened fruits are gone,
And the bleak breeze, o'er shrunken trees,
Moans desolate and forlorn.

———o———

AYN HALI.

Ayn Hali, the Prophet's eyes
Promise a future none may know.
Ayn Hali, O prophet eyes!
Of beauty for thee these verses flow!

Ayn Hali, the Prophet's eyes
Shine with the light of a hopeful bliss.
Ayn Hali, thy prophet eyes
Flash o'er a mouth that invites to kiss.

Ayn Hali, thy prophet eyes
Gave me their love when life was young,
Ayn Hali, such prophet eyes
Would win more souls than the Koran's tongue.

Ayn Hali, the Prophet's eyes
Come in response to an earnest prayer.
Ayn Hali, O prophet eyes!
Life without thee it was hard to bear.

Ayn Hali, the Prophet's eyes
Mitigate sorrow, and grief and pain.
Ayn Hali, O prophet eyes!
Look on these dying ones once again!

QUEENIE'S SONG.

H. M. B.

Spring and summer, autumn, winter!
Passing breezes changeful blow;
Spring soft showers, summer flowers,
Autumn fruits and winter snow.
Day and darkness, joy and sorrow,
Come in turns as well we know;
Glad to-day and sad to-morrow,
Onward with the rest we go.

Storm and tempest, cloud and sunshine!
Passing breezes changeful blow;
Youth's gay hours, manhood's powers,
Laughing come and sighing go.
Smiles and frowns in faces round us
Light and shadow transient throw;
Never let the dark looks wound us,
As they come so let them go.

Health and sickness hovering near us
Flit alternate to and fro;
Sickness droops; hope comes to cheer us;
Healthier breezes soon may blow!
All is change about, above us,
As we wander here below:
Constant only hearts that love us,
Till life's fountains cease to flow.

NOTES, &c.

NOTES, &c.

PAGE IV.—In the original preface to the Rejected addresses, the authors describe the great difficulty they found in getting their work published, although they asked nothing for the copyright. "Our manuscript" they say "was perused and returned to us by several of the most eminent publishers." The query here will obtrude itself, was it perused? and if so, what degree of attention could have been given to it? This was in 1812. Seven years afterwards, when the book had run through sixteen editions, Mr. Murray bought the copyright for £131, and published a twenty-third edition in 1852. Not very long after the first success of the addresses the authors were advised to "collect" some of their imitations of Horace, and eventually sold their interest in the two works to Mr. Miller for one thousand pounds.

The remarks of the brothers James and Horace Smith on these and other contingent circumstances were, no doubt, kindly introduced in the same way, as other eventually successful authors have related the difficulties they at first experienced with their earlier works,—by way of encouraging a Nil desperandum rallying cry among those whose names have not undergone a course of public advertisement; but the writer whose MSS. are many, and whose acquaintances in the publishing world are in an inverse ratio, finds but sorry satisfaction in knowing that Pelham was looked upon coldly at his first presentation; and Eöthen went nearly the whole round of the London publishers; and Jane Eyre was declined with thanks until the authoress lost all hope of ever seeing it in print, and to take an example from the musical world, Handel's Israel in Egypt failed entirely when first represented. In the History of Publishers it is amusing to discover that Mrs. Markham is a myth, and a certain well known History of England was at first a failure; and as such was sold by Constable to Mr. Murray who reproduced it with a new title, under which it has achieved its present well deserved popularity.

PAGE VII.—The composer of the music to Galatea solemnly declared to me his perfect conviction, founded on the appearance of the roll of MS. when returned, that the piece had never been tried, and in all probability had remained unopened. The following notice is copied from the *The Theatrical and Musical Review*, vol. I, No. 13, p. 146, December 24, 1868.—"Mr. Curle has caught somewhat of the spirit of the old madrigalian poets. His "Galatea" is fashioned on the Oriannas, set by Gibbons, Morley, &c., and is a close imitation in humour and stanza. * * * * Thoroughly effective as Mr. Beale's composition is,—bright, easy and pleasing,—it yet wants the broken subjects and their imitations to render it akin to the older school. The change on the words, 'Why seeketh she,' is most happy, so again at 'The sportive girl,' the transition, by contrary motion, from the key of A, three sharps, to G, one sharp, is thoroughly in keeping with the Tudor school; but if Mr. Beale would excel in this style of writing he should carefully look at those gems of his father's. * * * As it stands, 'Galatea' only needs to be heard once to become popular in Glee and Madrigal Societies."

PAGE VII.—New National Anthem. The old one is certainly a curiosity. The music was composed by a Frenchman, Jean Baptiste Lully, and the original words applying to Le Grand Monarque "Grand Dieu sauvez le roi," were, oddly enough, turned by the English into God save great George *our* King. There is something ridiculous in this part of the affair, and at the same time a sense of shame accompanies the reflection that when the English people were in want of a hymn to welcome the first of the Guelphs to the throne of Great Britain, they so far humiliated themselves as to plagiarize upon the song first sung at the reception of Louis XIV. at the school of St. Cyr. When the pupils vocalized:

"Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi!
Grand Dieu, voyez le roi!
Vive le roi!
Qui toujours glorieux
Louis victorieux,"

and so on, the last two lines evidently suggesting our

"Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious."

The "send him victorious long to reign over us," had some sense in it when applied to George I, who came over from his Electorate of Hanover. In the after reigns it becomes mere stultiloquy, and worse than silly, because disgracefully profane; that is if we consider those words as having any meaning of their own. As to the music itself, the writer of the libretto of Oberon informed me that a difficulty of adapting words to it arose, he believed, from grammatical inaccuracy. The history of this air remains to be written. Whoever undertakes the task must not forget to notice how Prussia and England, so long and so frequently at war with France, each took up the same French air and used it for their National Anthem.

From the eleven favorable notices of the press, occupying the last page of the second edition of my humble attempt at introducing a new National Anthem, I select one because it shews that "PUNCH" was on my side.

"Our talented funny contemporary, *Punch*, in his determination to catch 'the passing folly as it flies,' has seized on the poetic composition of our National Anthem, which certainly yields plenty of room for criticism, and in defence of the rhyming of Mr. Tennyson's late edition to what might fairly be termed a disgrace to our national qualification for rhyme, says, 'would any discerning tailor, who had a pair of corduroy breeches to let out, perform that job by inserting in their waist-band a piece of best super Saxony.' *Punch* should be immortalized for his endeavour to improve our National Anthem. Mr. Curle has been singularly fortunate in his composition. We should think it would be accepted at all hands as a graceful substitute for Monmouth Street poetry. Mr. Curle here renders, what the National Anthem should be, a prayer to the Deity for our Sovereign and our Country. It is well worthy of favour, and we fervently recommend it to notice."—*West London Observer*, Feby, 27, 1858.

PAGE VII.—Hattie. One of the pieces published under this signature found its way, by a circuitous route, to Marlborough House, where through the instrumentality of one of the Ladies of the household, its representative, I am told, met with the approbation of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. "*When found make a note of*," recipe for roasted hare.

First daintly prepare
Oysters just eighteen:
Cut the beards off clean,
Natives they should be,
And from grit quite free:
Add the liquor too that dwells
In the freshly opened shells.
Peel the yellow from the rind
Of a full-sized lemon—mind!
This must be chopped up quite small,
Infinitesimally small:
Use the juice from out the fruit,
And add Cayenne your taste to suit.
From a sirloin take a pound,
Where the undercut is found,
Called the fillet, clean and sound:
Chop it into mince-meat small,
And, having mixed the ingredients all
Well together, then with care
Fill the stomach of your hare:
Spread the oysters well about,
And sew up tight with thread that's stout. N.B.—
Take pains to see,
When the hare to roast is hung,
That the head be upwards slung:
Then rich juices will descend
And with the legs and loin part blend.
Serve all up in pieces which
Should be moist with gravy rich.

PAGE VIII.—OCCULT SCIENCE. The work alluded to in the foregoing preface is entitled "Astrology as it is, not as it has been represented." It was published in 1856. After reading in Blackwood the early chapters of "What will he do with it," by Lord Lytton, then Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, I was

much struck by a somewhat curious circumstance which happened about the same time. My friend, "The Cavalry Officer," called on me one day immediately after his return from a week's stay at Knebworth; bringing with him a crystal which Lord Lytton had kindly lent for experiment. It was such an one as that of which mention is made in the beginning of "What will he do with it;" and we were both much disappointed at finding no after allusion to the subject in the progress of the tale. This crystal remained in my care for some time, and was eventually returned to its owner without trial of its properties, which were understood to have had some affinity with those belonging to the little pools of inky fluid, in which many Indian travellers testify to having witnessed the exhibition of certain marvellous portraitures.

In referring to the prefatory address from which the "Sunday Times" quoted so freely, I am reminded of having therein introduced an example of the marvellous change taking place in the series of natural numbers, as demonstrated in the working of the calculating machine invented by the late Mr. Babbage, and described in the Ninth Bridgewater Treatise; and which information I think may be new, as well as interesting to many readers.

The machine having been set going, the numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and so on, present themselves in the succession to which we have been accustomed, and continue this regular course up to 100,000,001; and then, instead of 100,000,002, a new law commences, and we find 100,010,002; and this new law proceeds thus:—

EXPECTED NUMBERS WOULD BE.	THE NEW LAW IS.
100,000,002	100,010,002
100,000,003	100,030,003
100,000,004	100,060,004
100,000,005	100,100,005
100,000,006	100,150,006

But this second law after increasing in the proportion last shown for 2761 terms, gives place to a third law. This third law continues regularly through 951 terms, and then gives place to a succession of other laws.

Now the law of figures to which we are accustomed is not the true law which regulated the action of the machine! this is obvious, because at a certain point the ratio of increase alters, and therefore the occurrence of the increase of numbers, as the 10,000, 30,000 and 60,000, &c., was a part of the consequence of the original adjustment of the engine, *although it operated* 100,000,001 *times before the first of these laws was destined to commence an altered course.* With regard to other deviations from the first new law, it is observed that, "whilst their consecutive introduction at various definite intervals is a necessary consequence of the mechanical structure of the engine, our knowledge of analysis does not enable us to predict the periods themselves at which the more distant laws will be introduced."

At page 158 of this work on Astrology the table of the nativity of Napoleon III is introduced; and under it are these words:—"Here also we find Saturn unfortunately placed in an angle, the Midheaven; the moon also in an angle, in Square to Saturn. Time will show whether his Imperial Majesty will suffer losses and disgrace in his advanced years, the same as his predecessor and imperial uncle, *it is ominous of evil.*"

PAGE VIII.—Buds of late Summer Days. Two lines of this song have been several times requoted. I used them myself in a letter to *Public Opinion*, and in all cases where this letter was noticed the lines were introduced. Here is one—"Deliver us from evil"—"Men conscia Recti" writes an able and sensible letter to *Public Opinion* by way of protest against the intended alteration of the above passage, in our Lord's prayer, into "Deliver us from The Evil one." He challenges the alteration upon philological grounds, and adduces more than one good argument against it. He also bases his protest upon more general ground, and here one passage of his letter is well worth quoting. "I am fully conscious," he says, "of being merely the exponent of a strong feeling that exists among the great majority of thoughtful and educated persons in opposition to what is felt to be a retrogade movement, not only carrying us back to the literature of the dark ages of St. Dunstan and holy St. Romaunt, but introducing Bogie, with his horns and hoofs, to the side of each little bed, where

"Balmy with a mother's blessing,
Tiny lips are taught to pray."
Doncaster Chronicle, Dec. 23, 1870.

PAGE XVI.—Those who are familiar with the poetical works of Edgar Allen Poe will have no difficulty in solving this enigma.

PAGE 18, LINE 15.—STAR WOVEN STAR BRIGHT. The particles of frozen rain commonly called snow flakes, are in most instances composed of ice crystals in the form of stars with six rays. These stars are originally separate crystallizations, but when the atmosphere is agitated the original flakes come in contact with each other and owing to the presence of moisture unite in groups and descend in irregular forms. Numeration loses its power in the mind when we look upon the country covered with deep snow and know that those vast fields and drifts in all their thickness, are accumulations of these minute delicate stellar morsels of frozen water awaiting dissolution.

PAGE 24.—WHERE YON CHILDREN CLOTHED IN WHITE. The effect of the low afternoon sunlight, streaming across a road through the openings between the trees of an avenue or through the gaps in high hedges bordering green lanes, produces a marvellous dazzling splendor of whiteness when falling on any figures in white clothing. CREEPS ALONG AIR WOVEN STRINGS. The lines, or pencils of light as they are called, produced by the separation of the sun beams in certain parts of woodland scenery, are poetically suggestive of the strings of a musical instrument.

PAGE 34.—THE CUPS OF THE LAWS. Bacchanalian song writers of the past generation seem for the most part to have missed an argument in favor of their favorite indulgence presenting itself in the allusion here made to the custom of the luxurious Ionians in legislating over their wine; a custom probably derived from their Persian conquerors who, as we learn from Herodotus, (Clio. 133) were accustomed to soak themselves thoroughly with wine when considering affairs of importance; and whatever was approved vino gravati, was submitted to them the next day when they were restored to sobriety; and if the two opinions coincided the affair was settled accordingly, but any proposition not being in both instances favorably received was invariably given up. He also goes on to say, vice versa, that anything meeting with their approbation when they were sober, had to be submitted again, for reconsideration, when they were drunk; and want of unanimity in its approval during the séance of intoxication, was considered sufficient to cause it to be abandoned.

Most people who have visited Bremen will remember the Rathsweinkeller, the far famed Council's Wine Cellar, in connection with which are several small recessed apartments, bearing the same relation to it, that the side chapels bear to a cathedral. These chambers are adapted to the convenience of select drinking parties; and at the end of the main vault, according to a writer in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, is an acoustic chamber or whispering gallery. It would be extremely curious and interesting, if any remote affinity could be traced between this cellar of the council (which was constructed under the former Town Hall of Bremen in 1405) and the custom of the Persians and Ionians taking counsel together over the inspiring contents of their classical and oriental wine cups, some five centuries before the commencement of the Christian era. The probability of such being the case, may be seen in the connection that is so well known as existing between the Persian language and that of the Germans, and in regard to which the remarkable similarity of words may be illustrated by such instances as the Persian "giriftan" and the German "greifan," to seize: whence by changing the aspirate to the corresponding soft mute, our "grip" appears as a shortened form. The Persian "banda" a slave, and "band" a captive; and the German "binden" bund. "Band" being moreover the root of the verb to bind in Persian. Also the Persian "himl" signifying lifting up and the German "Himel" Heaven. The Persian "hal" firmness fixedness and the German "halten"; whence we get "halter" and "to halt"; while the French "hâler" and our verb "to hale" evidently owe their origin to the same oriental root.

Admitting, therefore, the probability that the Germans are descendent from the same original stock as the Persians; it is clear that having brought with them down the stream of time so many words that may be considered identical with those of the Asiatic language; they must, almost of necessity, have preserved also some traces of customs that in distant ages were equally

common to both: and this Rathsweinkeller may, possibly, be one of the last marks remaining, perhaps the very last vestige of a custom,—certainly "more honored in the breach than in the observance."—that appropriately died out with the expiration of the dark ages.

This ode will consequently be found to possess a peculiar interest, if read in accordance with the translation I have here ventured to give.

A comparison of Moore's version with the Greek will show an extremely free and flowery rendering, and one perhaps not altogether consonant with the spirit of the original. It may have been that he was not quite satisfied with it on his own part; since he informs his readers that he followed the idea of those who believed the two words in the third line ought to be read with reversed meaning, which is equivalent to saying, he was led to consider the phrase—Bring me the cups of the laws and ordinances—to mean, Bring me the laws relative to drinking: a very severe strain upon the text showing clearly that an established difficulty then existed in resolving its meaning. All the odes are now recognized as belonging to a period considerably later than the time of Pisistratus, and I think it may fairly be inferred that the author, as a Grecian, using the Ionic dialect, would be familiar with the customs of his Ionian predecessors, and therefore may well be imagined, calling with enthusiasm for the goblets used by the legislators, just in the same spirit as, with a majestic flourish he demands the lyre of the great heroic bard.

PAGE 38.—LOVE FOR THE OLD. This song was written and set to music, in compliment to my very dear old friend Admiral Kitchen, sometime Governor of Ascension; and who went through his baptism of fire under Nelson in the terrible bombardment of Copenhagen, 1801. In after life as Post Captain he enjoyed a pension for wounds and hard service, which was taken from him by a grateful country when he received his flag. His income as admiral was consequently less than while holding an inferior position. As I had this from his own lips there can be no question about the accuracy of the statement, and the economy (or sharp practice) of our government established in such cases.

PAGE 46.—A CLASSIC FRAGMENT. The reader will seek in vain for this subject in the works of Propertius.

PAGE 48.—MONTI OF MILAN. The clever sculptor of an exquisite group, exhibited in the exposition of 1862, under the title of "A Dream of Joy."

PAGE 51.—AVORIA. A portrait, Eheu fugaces! suggested by Robt. Browning's little poem A Face, and beginning

"If one could have that little head of hers
Painted upon a back ground of pure gold."

PAGE 57. LINE 8.—LOCKSLEY HALL.

PAGE 59.—ONE OF MANY. This poem was written in the spring of 1860, and owing to its tone and treatment has but little expectation of favour, except with those who take the trouble to read it twice, with an interval of thought. Seasons, like the lives of mortals, are often sacrificed to the working of a destiny far beyond our human comprehension, and the obvious comparison between that lost month of May and a delicate young lovely girl, cut off by remorseless fate in the blossom season of her life, is too commonplace not to be seen. To aim at continued smoothness of versification would be to produce an unappropriate effect; the jar upon the mind has too much discord in the reality to be forgotten in the figurative semblance. The beautiful Greek line from the Odyssey which alludes to the pensive and sad souls of the young maidens newly arrived among the other "visionary ghosts" as Pope calls them, loses its identity in that poet's melodious paraphrase. The Latin of Clarke is expressive, but does not run smoothly

Virguntulæque tenellæ, recenti luctu affectum animum habentes.

PAGE 64.—TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION. The Rev. I. M. Knott, Lin. Coll., Oxon.: vicar of Prior's Hardwicke, Prior's Marston, and Shuckborough. An excellent shot, and was at one time considered by everybody but himself, to be the best goer across country in South Warwickshire. He survived his wife but a few years.

PAGE 64.—JOHN ALCORN. One of the last of the Church clerks Perhaps the very last, for the present kind hearted incumbent allowed him

to continue in office long after a clerk's part in the services had fallen every where else into disuse. Old John was a hardy cheery old man, and took great delight in digging graves; he had also the additional peculiarity of never wearing a hat when in the vicinity of the church. The writer has often seen him, in the depth of winter, seeking the Rector and intent upon some errand concerning Marriages, Burials, or Certificates, far away from the churchyard, with the snow falling upon his bare head and mingling with his scanty locks, and sprinkling his hale smiling visage. When John wished to be complimentary to any stranger who officiated, he would speak of him, no matter his degree, as "not a bad mate." It was a proud moment for old John when the Bishop of the diocese shook him by the hand, and spoke to him as a fellow worker, thus confirming John's views by a paraphrase of his favorite expression.

PAGE 65.—CURIOUS LATIN EPITAPH. It is not known who was the composer of this adulatory inscription. Ben Jonson's lines on Elizabeth L. H. contain a conceit precisely similar to that expressed in the last two Latin lines. The Poet Laureate and author of, among many other works, that original production "The devil is an ass," died in 1637, a year before the decease of the person on whom this Latin epitaph was written. Ben Jonson's works were published in folio nearly 20 years before he died. He wrote:—

"Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live."

PAGE 83—AD CÆCILIUM. The Anachronism, as concerning this title, cannot be avoided while admitting the verses to have been written fourteen years ago, before the talented writer of "Adversaria" had appeared as a successful novelist and otherwise made more fully evident his varied talents and literary genius. He repudiated the verses, when offered to him by the banks of the Plym, as far too flattering; but I cannot resist the pleasure of adding them, slightly abbreviated, to a list with which are connected so many other associations of pleasurable retrospection.

PAGE 92 LINE 4 from foot.—SO YOUR PETTISHNESS SAID, TO HIS HEAD. Vide A Midsummer Night's Dream, act 1, sc. 1.—Lysander loq:

"Demetrius, *I'll avouch it to his head*,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena."

PAGE 94 LINE 4 from foot.—Gone to rhyme with on. This is correct according to Walker's Rhyming Dictionary; and Shakspere. See Twelfth Night, act 4, sc. 2.

"I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again."

PAGE 95.—ICONOGRAPHY OF WELLS CATHEDRAL. The offence if other than venial was committed so many years ago that the writer trusts he may be forgiven for having caricatured the peculiarity of diction, while imitating the genial humour of a most amiable and esteemed foreigner, in order to divert attention from himself. No one among his archæological or other friends knew where the lines originated, although some one fancied, one morning as he met in Saint James's Street the gentleman whose learned fist is alluded to, there was a peculiar sparkle in his eye that looked suspiciously intelligent. The lines refer to a masterly paper published in the Journal of the British Archæological Association, for March, 1857, by J. R. Planché, Esq., at that time *Rouge Croix*; now *Somerset Herald*.

PAGE 97.—CHUBB'S HOTEL. The following polyglot recommendation might be well applied to it

"In questa casa troverete
Tout ce que vous pouvez souhaiter;
Bonum cibum vina bona,
And a most attentive owner."

PAGE 103 LINES 6 and 8 from top.—The last syllable of forlorn is here made to rhyme with gone. Webster says gone should be pronounced as if written gorn.

Although these different rhymes come near to each other in the present distribution, an interval of many years occurred between the dates of their first presentations, and notwithstanding Webster's opinion as to the pronunciation of the word, it can only be so used in the way of a careless or allowable rhyme, and perhaps then the license is questionable.

PAGE 104.—QUEENIE'S SONG. Music by Dominico Thorner, of whom a slight sketch is given on a leaf of the song as published by Messrs. Lamborn and Cock, 62 and 63, New Bond Street.

THE GREATEST OF DRAMATIC POETS, WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.—The mystery surrounding the life and attainments of this person is likely to remain, perhaps for ever, unsolved. The little we do know about him is mixed up with improbabilities and contradictions. There is no satisfactory way of accounting for his having found time, means, or opportunity, during his life, to obtain so vast an amount of general knowledge and information, which seems only possible of acquirement by long continued familiarity with books innumerable, as his multitudinous borrowings tend to prove; and yet, in 1592, when 28 years of age, he is alluded to by Greene as a "Johannes Factotum" among the actors, and was moreover, apparently a man of limited education. He does not say a word about any one of his plays when he makes his will. During his life the name is wrongly spelt by the printers, and 8 years after his death at 52, an early age for so experienced and prolific a writer, a folio edition of his works was published with the usual erroneous spelling of the name on the title page. Whoever edited this edition of 31 plays excluded some which had been reputed Shakspere's. He, therefore, must have taken more interest in these plays than Shakspere himself is supposed to have done.

As to the spelling of the name, the reader will find, in vol. XXVII of the Archæologia, a letter in which Sir Frederick Madden shows that, in the acknowledged genuine signatures the surname is always written Shakspere. In the Stratford register the name is so spelt at his baptism and at his burial; and, in the entries of baptism in the same register, the names of his three children, and, at the entry of the burial of his son, the names are written Shakspere!

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 6, Line 16. For "perturbed" read perturbèd.
,, 18, ,, 13. For "Crystall'd" read Crystal'd.
,, 43, ,, 13. For "nought" read naught.
,, 59, Greek hexameter. Accent omitted to mark last word as proparoxyton.
,, 60, Last line. For "Shakespear" read Shakspere.
,, 64, Marks of quotation on this page should be erased.
,, 74, Line 16. "Suite" for suit.

And a few more of the trifling misprints which, with the "*maliciousness*" usual on such occasions, "*manage to evade the author's eye till the sheets are struck off.*"

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